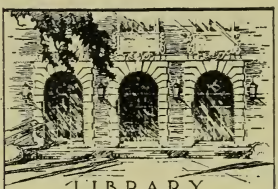

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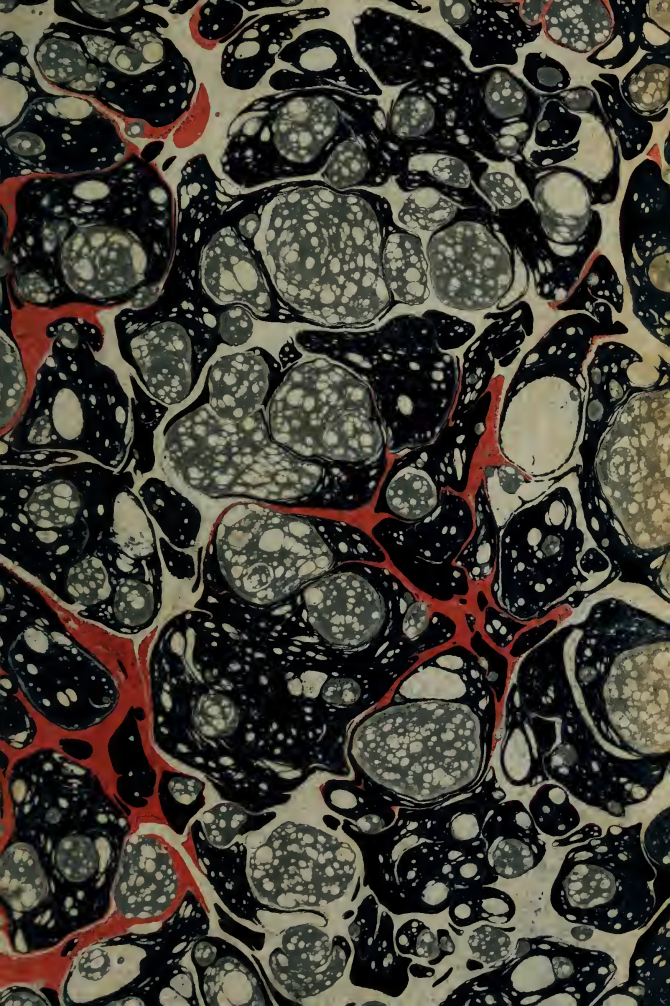

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THE OLD IRISH BARONET.

A NOVEL.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall-Street.

THE

OLD IRISH BARONET;

OR,

MANNERS OF MY COUNTRY.

A Novel.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY

HENRIETTA ROUVIERE,

AUTHOR OF

LUSSINGTON ABBEY, HEIRS OF VILLEROY, A PEEP AT OUR ANCESTORS, *&c. &c.*

"The Irish are a warm, benevolent, hospitable race—the latter proverbially—steadfast in their affections, generous in their friendships, and grateful for every act of kindness. But they are tenacious of their rights; passionate, when insulted, and proud to a fault. The master, who treats them with generosity, will be served with faithfulness. The arrogant superior, who lords it over them, will feel their resentment. Indifference is not their characteristic; they are enthusiastic in the extreme, and either love with fervour or hate with violence."

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRINTED AT THE

Minerva-Press,

FOR LANE, NEWMAN, AND CO.

LEADENHALL-STREET.

1808.

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THE

OLD IRISH BARONET.

CHAP. I.

"Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,
Te, veniente die, te decedente canebat."

VIRGIL.

AFTER a couple of hours agreeably spent in tea-table sociability, diversified by Ellen's enchanting musical talents, which she had considerably improved since her quitting England, the stranger, desirous to gratify the impatience of his friendly hosts, who he conjectured must be anxious for the sequel of his adven-

tures, though they were too polite to urge their wishes, begged their attention once more, and again resumed his narration.

"I arrived in the land of liberty," he commenced, "and hailed, in holy gratitude, my return to the shores of England; when, without delaying, I set off, as quick as post-horses could convey me, towards the haven of my tenderest wishes, the place where I had left my wife and son. It was in a sweet retired situation, a short distance from London on the Essex road; but as I drove through the metropolis, my eyes scarcely recognized the places where I had frequently before been in. I at first thought of going on to the war-office, to see how I should be received there; but my impatience to learn intelligence of dearer subjects repelled that idea, and I hastened on with the ardour of a lover, to meet the long-estranged object of my affection.

"As I drew nearer the spot, the complication

plication of my feelings rose nearly to agony; yet I had prudence enough to reflect, that was my Rebecca still an inhabitant of it, I should be wrong to appear abruptly before her, notwithstanding the alterations of my person were sufficient to disguise all immediate recollection of me. I therefore alighted at a public-house adjoining, and summoning the hostess to me, enquired of her whether the person I sought after yet resided at the place I mentioned?

"The woman appeared to possess much good nature;—she easily perceived the enquiry to be made from no common motive of curiosity, and was cautious in her replies.

'That lady, Sir,' said she, 'lost her husband some years ago, I understand, who was reported to be killed in battle; though I imagine *that* was never very positively ascertained.' 'But it was a very prevalent report about this place?' I said. 'O yes, Sir,' she answered; 'and the poor

dear gentlewoman went up to London often and often to the war-office, trying to find out the truth of it; so nobody could tell it, because it seems the captain's body was never found; but when after seven years, nothing more was heard about him, his name was taken off the list, I think they called it, and his commission given to somebody else, by which the poor lady lost some pay of her husband's that she used to receive there.' 'Great God,' I exclaimed, 'and how did she afterwards support herself?' 'O, Sir,' replied the woman, 'she was loved by every creature about the place, gentle and simple; and if she had not sixpence of her own in the world, she never would have known the want of any thing; but she had some very good friend. I don't exactly know who it was, only I believe it was a relation of her's that lived abroad, who used to send her over a great deal of money and other things. But she never was happy, Sir, from the time the captain went

went away; and after the report came of his death, which to be sure there was long ago no doubt of, she took on sadly, poor lady, and used to walk about by herself in the most lonesome places, and cry so sadly. I knew her very well, Sir,' continued this kind-hearted woman, as she wiped her eyes with a corner of her apron; 'she would sometimes sit on a little bench that was at the end of our garden near the road, when she would be fatigued after her long solitary ramble, and her dear heart almost breaking with grief.' 'You weep, my good woman,' said I, hardly able to command the dreadful apprehensions that filled my soul, yet fearing to hear them confirmed. 'Tell me, does this amiable creature still——?' I could not articulate the word, though my own life had depended on my doing so. 'Live, Sir,' said she, finishing the sentence for me, 'ah!' and she shook her head mournfully, 'ah, Sir, the dear lady took grief to heart.' 'She is dead then,' I faintly articulated. 'And my son—what

what is become of him?' 'Good God! who are you, Sir?' she cried, catching me by the hand, and as instantly relinquished it to run for a glass of wine, which she forced me to swallow, and which helped in some degree to revive me. 'Tell me, Sir, who you are?' she earnestly added. 'The long lost husband of her you lament,' I replied—'him so fatally—so faithfully mourned as dead.' The good woman gave a shriek of astonishment. 'And now,' added I, 'tell me all—inform me when and where my wife died, and also, if you can, what is become of my son? or if he be living?' 'I know nothing to the contrary, my good Sir,' she answered. 'He was as fine a young man as ever the sun shone upon, when his mother died, which is now about seven years ago. He came to the country just before she drew her last breath, for he was somewhere for his education, and after she was interred, settled all the trifling debts she owed, though, God knows, nobody would have

have asked for a farthing, if it had not been his own goodness to give it, nor would have taken it, only for fear of offending him; and when every thing was entirely settled, he went away again, but he came back once or twice in the course of a few months after to see the gentleman he went to school to, and since then, I never heard what became of him. Yet, Sir,' she continued, 'I have somehow a notion that this gentleman, who is our minister here, can give you better information on the subject; besides that, he attended your lady constantly during her last illness. But, indeed, for that matter, both he and his whole family were at all times attentive to her, and she used to be for days and days together at the parsonage; but, as I said before, Sir, every body loved her, she was so gentle and so good, and then the cause of her melancholy made her so interesting to every creature. Ah, Sir, she dearly loved you, living or dead; and when it was

God Almighty's will to release her from her sorrows, though every description of people in the village, rich as well as poor, followed her remains to the grave, where she was carried by six respectable matrons, with the young girls walking before, and the married women after the body, not a dry eye was to be seen amongst them.' 'O! my good woman,' I cried, 'you break my heart by your simple eulogium on my lost Rebecca's virtues—lost to me here for ever! Where does your minister live? I will go to him instantly.'

"She directed me to his house, but would not permit me to quit her's, till I had partaken of her hospitality by remaining to dinner, nor could I, consistently with my feelings of gratitude, pain her honest heart by a refusal. In the evening, after promising my kind hostess I would return again sooner or later, I set out for the parsonage, where, on arriving, I sent up to say a gentleman wished to speak

speak with the clergyman in private, and I was immediately admitted to an interview. In as tranquil a voice as my emotions could command, I repeated to him the communication I had received of the hostess, which was the cause of my visit, and informed him who I was. No astonishment surely ever equalled his, nor certainly could his satisfaction be greater, had I come to present him one of the first appointments of the church. However, he would tell me nothing that night, though he avowed having much important news to communicate, and insisted on my taking up my abode with him while I remained in the place. I agreed to do so, on condition that he would shew me the little spot in the church-yard where rested the ashes of my Rebecca, and to which, after some little remonstrance against my going there, he at length complied. A small head-stone, placed there by our son, pointed out the grave of a loved wife; nor do I think I should have

reposed the worse for having embalmed the sacred dust with a husband's tears, did not anxiety to learn further of this dear lamented partner prevent me closing my eyes during the night.

"On our return that evening, this respectable divine introduced me to his family, by whom, as well as himself, my restoration was looked on as a kind of resurrection from the tomb; and at their desire, I related to them what I have already informed you. Ah! how deeply did they bewail the untimely fate of my Rebecca!—how tenderly revere her memory! It told to my heart that the wife of my bosom deserved to be eternally worshipped by it. The following morning, we again, at my particular request, repaired to the church-yard, and seated on the grave of Rebecca, the good pastor commenced his detail from that period when the report of my death first became prevalent."

The stranger's particular relation of his wife very sensibly affected his auditors.

The

The tears rolled down Ellen's cheeks, and the good old Baronet several times wiped away his; but the sensibility Sylvester betrayed was far beyond any he had ever before discovered; it seemed to himself to be painfully acute. He leaned on the table, his handkerchief held to his eyes, but the tears poured in torrents from beneath it, and his deep sighs more resembled half suppressed groans; yet he spoke not a word, and seemed evidently abstracted from all recollection, but the story which so poignantly interested his feelings. The stranger continued his subject, taking it up at the clergyman's words.

'From the moment, Sir,' began the divine, 'that your death became current, the effect it produced on your amiable lady became visible. Doubt and suspense were even worse than certainty, for when nothing was to be expected, some exertion might be made; but lingering hope still clung to her heart, while lengthened dis-

appointment alternately chilled the flattering delusion. Her sole comfort was derived from the prospect her son evinced of being an honour to his parents. She spared no expence on his education, which for a few years I had the happiness of superintending, and afterwards she sent him to the university of Oxford. Indeed,' added the worthy pastor, 'I sometimes feared the expences attending his studies abroad might distress herself at home, and once ventured to hint as much to her; but she replied, 'Your apprehensions, my good Sir, are groundless. I have enough to support him and myself, for I have a *dear friend* who is attentive to my situation, and while she lives, neither my son nor I will want for respectable maintenance; and though this loved friend cannot at all times forward me regular supplies of money, I receive other things that, by the assistance of a merchant in London, turn to the same account. And, with respect to my son,' she added, 'as I have

have no certain provision to leave him, it is but my duty to do the best I can for him while I live. A good education will bring him respectably through the world, for with that, and the good qualities he appears to possess, he may be more fortunate than if he were born to more wealth.'

'Her observations,' continued the divine, 'were just, and my fears of her pecuniary embarrassments silenced. My wife and daughter, who were much attached to her, as in truth was every person in the neighbourhood, endeavoured, as far as in their power, to divert and amuse her mind. She was sensible of their intentions, and sought to express her gratitude, by assuming, in the company of her friends, an appearance of cheerfulness very foreign to her heart. Alas! Sir, she had received a wound there, the anguish of which no human efforts had power to assuage; nor do I imagine that even your return then could have served

to

to heal it, though it might have softened its agonies.

'During the term of seven years after you were returned missing, she regularly received the moiety of your pay at the war-office; but the stoppage of that, and the disposal of your commission elsewhere, proved the final blow to her peace. From that moment, she made no exertion to combat against her grief, and a few months terminated her life and her sorrows. I visited her daily during her *last* illness; she was perfectly resigned to her unhappy destiny, and even anxious for death, now that she seemed convinced all hopes respecting you were no longer to be indulged.

'And now, Sir,' proceeded he, 'I am going to relate a circumstance of important concern to yourself, and which probably is to this moment involved in mystery. I had one morning been compelled, by the attendance of my duty elsewhere,

to

to postpone my visit to your lady for a few hours, and, on my return home, hastened to dispatch an early dinner, intending to make up my forenoon's absence by a long visit to her in the evening, when just as I had sat down to table, the female servant who attended her came in great haste to request I would go without loss of time to her mistress. 'She is very ill, Sir,' added the girl; 'some strange old gentleman called on her to-day, and whatever was his business, I know not, but she has been considerably agitated ever since, and particularly desirous of seeing you.'

'I instantly accompanied the messenger, and, as she had described, found your dear lady most unusually affected, indeed. 'O, my good Sir,' she said, as I entered her apartment, where she reclined on a couch, 'I am so happy to see you. How I wished for you this morning! you might have questioned a visitor I had, on many subjects, which in my debilitated state,

state, I was unequal to doing.' I told her the cause of my absence, lest she should imagine it occasioned by neglect. 'I have,' resumed she, 'a wonderful occurrence to relate to you, but you must allow for my weakness and my agitations that I am slow in the communication of it.' I bade her take her own time, and neither hurry nor fatigue herself, as I was come to pass the evening, and have my tea with her. She smiled so angelically on me,' remarked this worthy servant of God, 'that I could scarcely believe it was aught but an already beatified spirit in whose presence I was. 'How good you are to me!' resumed she. But,' added he, modestly checking his words, 'why need I repeat her flattering expressions of gratitude!—I only did my duty, and in return she taught me a lesson never to be forgotten, in the example she gave of faith and humility to the summons of her Creator.'

"O!" exclaimed the stranger with enthusiastic

thusiastic fervour, "I could have pressed to my heart this benevolent follower of the precepts he preached, and held him to it for ever!"

"Is he living?" asked the Baronet with peculiar earnestness.

"I should imagine so," replied the stranger, "for it is not more than two years since the time I speak of, and he did not look to be more than forty, or thereabouts, with every appearance of good health and a good constitution about him."

Sir Thomas said no more, but much might be inferred from those few words, particularly as the Baronet's general character was to do good without ostentation, and to reward merit wherever he found it. We may readily conjecture, therefore, that his thoughts were not far abstracted from a church preferment.

The stranger continued his discourse.

'Your lady,' proceeded the divine to me, 'began by informing me that a person

son had called that morning, who expressed an earnest desire to see her—that she was at first averse to it, from her illness confining her to her apartment, but he was so urgent in his request, and the servant said he was a feeble old man, that she could no longer refuse admitting him. 'A very emaciated-looking grey-headed gentleman made his appearance,' she said, 'who respectfully apologized for his intrusion at such a time, which nothing but the importance of his business would have compelled him to persevere in. 'But, Madam,' added he, 'I am myself an invalid, besides having a weight of years to combat against; yet, would to Heaven I had no other burthen! but apprehending my sand of life to be nearly run, I dare not quit this world till I make what retribution is in my power for past guilt.' I trembled, my good Sir,' proceeded your wife. 'The idea of my lost husband attached itself to his last words, and I dreaded a sequel that might confirm the horrible

horrible suspicions which shot across my brain; yet I was unequal to asking any question, and the old gentleman went on.

'I presume, Madam,' said he, 'you have understood that your husband was an orphan, and left under the care of a guardian?' I bowed in the affirmative. 'An orphan most assuredly he was,' continued the old gentleman; 'for both his parents died in his infancy; but,' he added, clasping his hands with solemnity together, '*I* was accessary to his mother's death: by my treachery, hypocrisy, and inhumanity, her life was sacrificed.' 'You!' I exclaimed, proceeded your wife, 'you whose respectable appearance bespeak you——' 'What I *should* be,' interrupted he, with quickness, 'not what I was once, a humble servant of the Most High, what I *am*, a contrite remorseful penitent. A professed disciple of the holy altar I once was, till proffered rewards stimulated me to deviate from its practices, and its principles were then only used

used to conceal duplicity. I am,' continued he, 'the person who *assumed* the guardianship of your husband's early years.' 'O, then,' exclaimed your wife, 'you are come to restore to his son the just rights you have withheld from the father.—Such alas, Sir,' she went on, addressing herself to me, 'were my conjectures then, as I recollected my loved husband often surmising the possibility of this person having dealt unfairly by him, and I summoned strength enough to ask him was it not so? 'No, Madam,' he replied, 'I hold no property of your husband, in that instance, at least, I have been guiltless; but I have been the means of depriving him of wealth, rank, title, and consequence, which he was born to inherit. I stole him, when an infant, from the arms of the loveliest and most amiable of mothers. That theft deprived her of her soul's dearest hope on earth, and painful recollection lingered in her disturbed reason, till death put a period to her misery.' 'O, Sir,'

Sir,' continued your lady to me, - ' judge what my sensations were at this horrible avowal! Even in my most perfect health, and hearing it of an unconnected person, I should have shuddered at such base depravity of human nature; but exhausted as I was, and learning its relation to my husband, I had scarcely power to breath. 'You are come then,' said I, as distinctly as I could articulate, - 'you are come then, repentant of your crime, to make restitution to the son of him you have so deeply injured, for alas! his father no longer exists to be sensible of his wrongs, or charitably forgiving to their cause.' 'And how have you ascertained his death, Madam?' asked he. 'The question, my good Sir,' said she, speaking to me, 'was so unexpected, that I started with renewed agitation at recollecting I never yet had done so; and O! what undefinable sensations mingled with my harrassed thoughts, as the visionary charm which so often beguiled them whispered the possibility of this

this person being able to elucidate the long doubtful disaster, and in a voice scarcely audible to myself, I made the demand so important to the peace of my few hours *here*. His reply, O! my good friend,' added she, pressing my arms with an emotion that nearly threatened the dissolution of her weakened frame, 'O! my good friend, what fresh conjectures am I to form from his reply!' 'All, Madam, I can say,' he answered, 'is, that your husband was *not* killed in the engagement from whence arose the report of his death. He was taken prisoner by *the enemy*, and a fatal combination of events led him into further captivity; yet, after so many years of silence, I fear there can be little doubt of his death.' 'O, Sir,' I exclaimed, 'tell me *all* you know of him. I conjure you to be explicit. You appear to have some certain information of this mysterious event, and in mercy to my tortured feelings, be as candid in this instance, as you have been in others.' 'I most solemnly

semnly assure you, Madam,' he replied, 'that I am as ignorant of that particular event as what you are. I have no proofs that your husband is *not* dead, and less reason to surmise that he yet lives. However, as nothing positive has ever reached us, I have a solemn request to make of you.' 'Name it,' I exclaimed; 'if within my power, I'll religiously perform it.' 'Here then, Madam,' said he, pulling from his pocket a sealed parcel, 'here is the confession of a sincere penitent; and within it my attestation of its truth, together with documents to ascertain effectually the rights of your husband, or his son. I am going a long journey; if Heaven permits me to accomplish it, you shall hear of me again; if not, you may conclude I have paid the great debt of nature in its attempt. But the purport of it I cannot now explain—hereafter it will be fully known, whether I live or die.' 'Ah, Sir,' sighed out your drooping wife to him, '*my last* journey rapidly advances.

vances. A few days and *I* shall have paid the debt we all owe to God and Nature.' 'Heaven's will be done, Madam!' he piously ejaculated. 'You are prepared to undertake *yours*, *I* have only made the first advance to obtaining a favourable passport for mine. But should it be Heaven's decree to call your pure spirit from hence ere any absolute confirmation can be obtained on the subject so much desired by all, give this packet into the hands of your son, as I now deliver it into yours,' which he did as he said the words, 'and remember your promise, which *he* must as rigidly adhere to, that should no such intelligence be received, nor any accounts of *me* within the term of *seven* years from the present day, then—and, not till then, is this packet to be *unsealed*; for should any event decree that your husband's death not being fully established, he should yet be forthcoming, into his hands would I have it delivered, and he be the first to trace its contents. Yet, lest

your

your anxiety to learn his fate should be augmented by the possibility of discovering it elucidated in those papers, I declare most solemnly, by my hopes of the eternal mercy and forgiveness, they convey no certain conclusion respecting it. At the end of the specified period, should the same silence prevail as hitherto, let your son, as his father's heir, make use of the packet to establish his own claims.' Such,' went on the good clergyman, addressing himself to me, 'were the material points of the old gentleman's interview with your lady, who, ere he departed, received of her the promise he desired, and with it her forgiveness and dying blessing. She instantly requested of me to write off for her son, who, from a motive of tenderness, as also not to detach him from his studies, she had forborne to make acquainted with her danger, but now that she felt her last moments approaching, she desired I would hasten his arrival, without violently alarming

him. Her order I immediately obeyed, in as delicate a manner as the momentous nature of my subject admitted, for I knew how ardently he was attached to his mother, and how severely his mind must feel the melancholy intelligence. What his sensations were on receiving my letter, which I forwarded by express, can readily be conceived, and ere I could suppose him more than begun his journey, he had accomplished it. He arrived while she was sensible to the blessing of his presence, and his tender filial attentions, which, if they could not prolong life, at least soothed and tranquillized the last moments of it. I had not seen him for nearly two years before, as I was obliged to make periodical visits to a small curacy I had at a little distance, and it so happened that he twice or thrice visited his mother during those periods; but never did I behold a more elegant young man than he presented himself before me. He was the scholar—the gentleman—the man of

of sense, possessing at the same time such energy of character, and such strength of mind, yet withal so modest, diffident and respectful, that he stole into the heart of every person who had the happiness of his acquaintance, and will ever be remembered there with the warmest affection."

"But your story, Sir," cried Sylvester, impatiently.

The stranger started. He looked as though he was hurt by the hasty observation, and answered pointedly, "I see, Sir, in the eulogium bestowed by another person on a son whom it was never my happiness to behold since he merited those praises, I forgot that I was digressing from my more immediate subject."

Ellen, for the first time of her life, perhaps, felt dissatisfied with Sylvester; nor did the good Baronet look over-pleased; he probably thought the ill-timed remark evinced more eagerness than natural politeness; while Sylvester, as if conscious of the general disapprobation, blushed

and looked confused, yet made no attempt to apologize for the sudden impulse of his words.

The stranger again resumed his subject. 'In a few days from the period of your son's arrival,' proceeded the respectable friend of my Rebecca, 'the pure spirit of your angelic wife winged its flight to the mansions of the blessed, after having, in my presence, given into his hands the important packet, and received his promise of adhering strictly to the injunctions already mentioned. I shall say nothing of his affliction at the loss of so revered a parent; the young man felt it at his heart, but did not irreverently murmur at Heaven's awful fiat. Immediately after arranging matters here, he quitted the place, and returned to Oxford to finish the few months that yet remained to complete his studies. He came twice to visit me after that period, and the last time gave me to understand, that through the interest of his preceptor at college, he looked

looked forward to the tutorship of a young nobleman going abroad on his travels; and this information he shortly afterwards confirmed by letter to me, in which he announced his being appointed, and that he was going immediately on the continent with his pupil. From Paris he wrote to me, and expressed himself much pleased with his situation. Two more letters arrived from him from the same place, when unfortunately I was dangerously ill of a violent fever, and for many weeks unable to read, still less to answer them. The last of these expressed his surprise at not having had any answer to the former, and mentioned they were going to Florence, where I would address; but that their stay there would be short, nor could he inform me the direction of their route on leaving it. 'When able to hold my pen,' added the worthy ecclesiastic, 'I wrote to my young friend as by the last address, though I confess with little hopes of my letter overtaking him there. The

event proved my apprehensions but too true; for to what can I attribute his continued silence, but that he conceived mine to arise from neglect or indifference, and was too proud to importune me further? Such, at least, I conceive to have been the cause, and I equally regret the deprivation of his correspondence, as that he should think me cold in my friendship, or indifferent to his welfare. I have not been able to learn any accounts respecting him, but as I am little in the world, my opportunity of doing so is very limited indeed; and,' added he, smiling, 'should he have already opened the mysterious packet (as the time for doing so is elapsed) and its developement places him in the higher ranges of life, I should still find any attempt at it more difficult. Yet,' continued the divine, 'I have often thought that an application to his Oxford preceptor might be attended with success; but though I know he belonged to Christ-church, I confess that his name has

has entirely escaped my memory; yet a personal enquiry may prove satisfactory, and it would be my advice to you, Sir, that you lose no time in making it.'

"Such," proceeded the stranger, "was the information I received of the good clergyman, and conceiving his advice to be the best plan I could pursue, hastened to adopt it, after promising to return him the most speedy intelligence of my success. I took my leave of this esteemed friend of my departed wife, and called in my way to thank the good hostess for having so fortunately directed my steps. From thence I retraced the road to London, and the following morning repaired to the war-office, for the purpose of making myself known there. My story was listened to very attentively, but my person was not recognized; and I was told it would be necessary I should produce some more satisfactory testimony of my identity, in order to re-establish my claims there; not, they said, that in their own opinion they

entertained any doubts of my veracity, but as being a matter of public concern, my depositions should be attested by some indisputable evidence. Whatever documents I could produce to certify my identity, I had not the power of immediately bringing forward; the clergyman could not prove my person, and my old friend the mayor was, at this distance of time, too uncertain an application, without some particular previous enquiry after him. I had, therefore, only the passport of my freedom from the Inquisition, to produce in evidence of my words; and this, though not sufficiently strong to corroborate them, was allowed to be a very powerful testimony in their favour. I was requested to leave it there, and call again in the course of a month or two. All particulars relating to my family concerns, either before or after my disappearance and supposed death, I forbore to mention, as they would not establish my demands here; and should I ever be fortunate

nate enough to elucidate the mysteries which yet clouded me, I could have no doubt but the rest would be fully proved. My next direction was to Oxford, for which place I set out in the first stage going there, and without any difficulty, but merely mentioning my son's name at the college, was shewn to the gentleman I wanted. Like my good friend the divine, on hearing my story, and learning who I was, he reviewed me with astonishment, and as one risen from the dead. He told me that the young nobleman with whom my son had left England, was prematurely snatched from the world, in the bloom of life and promise, by a violent fever that attacked him shortly after their arrival in Paris; that from this period he knew nothing of my son, excepting that the family of the young nobleman, in consideration of the attention paid him by his tutor, both before and during his illness, had written to thank and delicately offer him some pecuniary acknowledgment;

to which no answer being returned, it was imagined he had quitted France, it being about the period of its convulsions, and had proceeded further on the continent. "Here, therefore," continued the narrator, "my clue of direction broke off; and if any thing could tranquillize the disappointed feelings of an anxious father's heart, it arose from the satisfaction of hearing his son's merits every where extolled, and his hopes of that son being one day restored to him. From England," proceeded the veteran, "I went into France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, without being able to trace the most remote intelligence of him; and having already past some months in this country, I purpose retracing the same steps back to England, when, if I am still unsuccessful, I shall again make trial at the war-office; and though they may not admit my claims, they may perhaps accept of a veteran's services, and permit him to become once more a candidate for the

the laurel. I have nothing else to do," added he, smiling, "and I'll serve to stop a musket ball as well as a better man."

The stranger was silent. Ellen wiped a tear from her glistening eyes, and the Baronet leaned on the table, deeply lost in thought.

We should suppose the interesting narrator occupied a large portion of Sir Thomas's reflections, and also, that to delicately avert the necessity of an application in his senior years to an uncertain channel for a trifling independence, was not at the same time very remote from them. Sylvester raised his head from the handkerchief which concealed his face. It was deeply flushed by the uncommon agitation that visibly pervaded his whole frame, and in a voice equally tremulous, he said, "So extraordinary a coincidence of events, Sir, can surely but attach to particular objects; yet think me not impertinent, if I ask you to communicate

what you have throughout your narrative studiously appeared to conceal—the place of the clergyman's abode—his name, with that of the Oxford master, and your own. Believe me, Sir, it is from no common mot——"

His extreme agitation rendered his words inarticulate, and he could proceed no further.

The veteran regarded him with fixed attention. He in turn appeared to partake of Sylvester's emotions. He laid his hand on his arm.

"You are agitated, Sir," said he, "and you have communicated to me your tremors. Great God, support me! If—if——"

"My dear Sir," exclaimed the Baronet, rising from his chair, "my dear Sylvester, compose yourselves, for mercy's sake. Yet surely, surely," added he, holding a hand of each, "these mutual sensations——"

"Reply

"Reply to my demand," faintly articulated Sylvester. "Relieve my mind one way or——"

"The clergyman's name," said the stranger, "was Godwin; he resided at Woodford, Essex; the Oxonian's, Everard; and mine—mine, at least the one I have been known by, is the same *you* bear —Sylvester."

Sylvester sank at the stranger's feet. His hands clasped his knees—his head rested on them; but not a sound escaped his lips. Ellen faintly shrieked; and the Baronet supported the veteran's nearly insensible form on his bosom.

An impressive silence of some minutes took place, which Sir Thomas was the first to break.

"I thought so," he cried. "Father and son! O righteous Providence, thou directest all things to thine own wise purposes!"

"Yes," said Sylvester, raising his head, "my

"my father—my respected, long-lost father—it is he indeed!"

"My son—my Ferdinand!" exclaimed the enraptured parent, as he threw himself into that inestimable son's extended arms.

"Ah!" cried Ferdinand, "the impression made by a father on my youthful mind, could not be obliterated by lapse of years, or change of person. Your features were engraven on my memory, though recollection could not trace back the dear parent lost in my boyish days. O, my beatified mother!" he enthusiastically apostrophized, "could you behold the son you loved encircled once more in the embraces of the husband you died for, your pure spirit would, from its heavenly abode, rejoice in his unhoped for happiness."

"And oh! my beloved son," exclaimed the father, "son of my Rebecca, more welcome to my heart than worldly aggrandizement,

grandizement, rich in native worth and excellence, be all my past sorrows obliterated in your arms," and he again flung himself into them.

"Yes," exclaimed the no less delighted Baronet, "rich in native excellence is your son restored to you; nor though your yet undiscovered claims should encircle your brow with an imperial crown, would that son's virtues reflect ought but lustre on it.

"Yes, Ferdinand Sylvester," added Sir Thomas, with enthusiastic expression, "this justice is barely your due. Whatever exaltation of rank you may be entitled to, *that* will derive honour from you, *you* can receive none from it."

Ferdinand pressed the Baronet's hand to his lips. "My inestimable benefactor," said he, "praise from *you* is grateful to my heart."

"And will you not permit me," said Ellen, with blushing modesty, "to share in this moment of exultation? for indeed

I feel the happiness of father and son as though it were my own."

"Amiable girl!" cried the former, tenderly kissing her hand, "I am already versed in your character, and know how to appreciate its worth." And suddenly assuming his vivacious manners, "I hope, Ferdinand," added he to his son, "you may be found entitled to a Dukedom in reversion."

"I hope, Ferdinand," interrupted the Baronet, "that you have the packet carefully preserved. Pray have you opened it yet?"

"It is in my possession, Sir Thomas," he answered, "nor have I broke its seal. For by some unaccountable presentiment, every time I thought of doing so, since the period for its investigation elapsed, I hesitated in the attempt, as if my heart whispered the right owner would yet appear to claim it. He has appeared, thank Heaven, and into his hands I shall now deliver as *I* received it."

"Not

"Not to-night," cried the Baronet, "not to-night, my dear Ferdinand. If there is any more pleasing intelligence, let us reserve it awhile; at present our senses are too much elated by one joyous event, to admit of their rationally receiving any other."

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

"Durate, et vos met rebus servate secundis."

VIRGIL.

"How little should the world repine at casual misfortunes, my dear papa," said Ellen to her father, while they waited breakfast for the rest of the party, "when even the bitterest and most poignant calamities may in a moment be exchanged to their opposites! witness the observation strongly exemplified in the late astonishing detail of our new friend, and its subsequent happy consequences. On my own part, I confess the whole appears to me as something analagous to the fairy tales with which my good old Connolly used

used to amuse my childish fancy; and should the sequel be found such as *may* be expected, I shall scarcely think our ridicule of his *marvellous* to be justifiable or consistent."

"That is," said Sir Thomas, "should the *denouement* be wound up with brilliancy, and the injured hero turn out to be a prince in disguise we'll suppose, Ellen, by way of giving more *eclat* to the piece."

"Nay, now you are jesting, my dear Sir," answered Ellen.

"Why to speak the truth," replied he, "I am rather inclined to be merry than sad this morning, elated, I presume, with the happiness of our friends; and if any dependence is to be placed on the expression of a face, *your's*, my dear Ellen, indicates no less pleasure at the probability of our favourite Sylvester becoming one of fortune's adopted children."

"Mr. Sylvester's success must afford pleasure

pleasure to his friends," said Ellen, with a blush, "and I am sure he has not a more sincere one than my dear father."

"Ellen," said the Baronet, "will you reply with candour to a question I would ask of you?"

"Have you ever known me to deviate from truth, my dear Sir, that you should think the precaution necessary?" was Ellen's interrogatory reply, as she raised her eyes to Sir Thomas, with something of reproach expressed in their glance.

"Forgive me, my love," said he, pressing her hand with affection; "I would not injure your feelings by the implication, only that I know young ladies are not in general very communicative to old fathers on *certain subjects*. But wave the consanguinity between us in your reply, and think of me as you would of a female confidante; shut your eyes, and *imagine* it is to Emily Millbank you speak."

"I never had a confidante," answered Ellen, "not even Emily Millbank, who

is

is my most esteemed and beloved female friend."

"Then I am inclined to believe," rejoined the Baronet, with a smile, "that Emily has been more communicative to you than your reserve to her merited, and that she has entrusted a secret, without having one from you in return."

"Indeed I exonerate her of the charge," cried Ellen, earnestly. "She never imparted to me *any* circumstance that could come under the denomination of confidential secresy."

"Did she never particularly mention Lord Sheffield to you, Ellen?" asked Sir Thomas.

"Certainly she did mention him, though not *particularly*," replied Ellen, "but merely as a matter of course, in the letter he presented to me from her at his Lordship's first introduction to us."

"Then she's a sly girl," said the Baronet, shaking his head and laughing. "And out of pure revenge for her close-

ness,

ness, I'll let you into the secret. She is to be Lady Sheffield in due time; so that should she be married before you, Ellen, which is I think doubtful, you'll stand a chance of being chaperoned into the great world by a Viscountess, and, all things considered in the fashionable hemisphere, one who I believe might be safely entrusted with the guidance of a novice."

"I suspected as much," replied Ellen, without remarking the inuendo of her father, "and am of opinion that the gentleman is equally deserving of *her* approbation."

"*Approbation!*" repeated Sir Thomas, archly. "How nicely these young ladies discriminate," he thought, or at least we imagine he thought so, because he *looked* as if he did. "But," resumed he, aloud, "we have strayed from our immediate subject. Do you recollect, my dear Ellen, a *particular* conversation we once had together at Princely Hall respecting Mr. Sylvester?"

"I have

"I have *not* forgot it, my dear father," she replied with strong emphasis.

"It is more than two years back," resumed Sir Thomas; "and now tell me, Ellen, my love, what are your *present* sentiments of the same person?"

The question was so unexpected, that it called up the hasty flush of surprise and confusion to her face; she bent her eyes on the floor, but did not speak.

"Come, Ellen," proceeded the Baronet, "answer my question, if it be *agreeable* to you so to do; only give it candidly, or not at all."

"If you command me," she timidly said.

"Then I do *not command* you, my dearest Ellen," cried he, with quickness. "I said nothing of *command*. I assume no parental authority in my demand. I only *request*. Give your answer as to a friend—a friend to whom your happiness is as dear, if not dearer, than his life, and think not it is the stern voice of a father who

who would ungenerously bring you to task."

"You will be angry," said the poor blushing faltering Ellen.

"It is not the place of a friend to reprove with harshness," answered the Baronet; "though they may admonish with frankness, they should caution with delicacy, and advise with tenderness; or if it were prudent to encourage hope, to be careful it should not surpass probable expectation. Such are the prerogatives of friendship. Consider me your friend, my Ellen, and by your own statement shall I regulate my counsels."

"Then," replied Ellen, assuming more courage, "let the dearest of friends unite with the revered name of father, and be both in one, while I candidly avow my sentiments for Mr. Sylvester to be such as they ever were, only strengthened, perhaps, by closer intimacy, or become more permanent by maturer understanding.—That he is superior in *his* to any man I have

have yet seen, is a truth, my dear father, you yourself must acknowledge; and if I have not been able to conform to your desire of expelling a too affectionate impression, attribute it not to any disobedience of my duty, but rather to that incomprehensible system by which nature so nicely forms the temperament of her creatures. *Mine*, perhaps fatally for myself, is of a stability not easily to be overthrown in its decision; where the judgment and the heart alike approves, it is a difficult task to eradicate a long-established opinion; and where that opinion has every hour the opportunity of becoming more *fixed*, is it to be wondered at, if in the end, it should form a decided part of our character? Yet, my best and kindest of fathers, though I avow the influence Mr. Sylvester has over my mind, or if you will, over my affections, I have never once suffered my thoughts to be misled by chimerical hopes. You said that Mr. Sylvester and Ellen O'Callaghan could

never be closer united than by the bonds of friendship. I have not lost sight of the precautionary admonition; and though I even had been forgetful of *your* words, it is long since that I have other causes to certify their truth. Mr. Sylvester and Ellen O'Callaghan can never be but as friends."

"Is it fair to ask my Ellen what those other causes may be?" said the Baronet, not making any observations on the more immediate subject of her speech.

"It is," she replied, "and as fair for me to answer the question without reserve, for I am under no restrictions. Mr. Sylvester has been long attached to some lady of superior rank and fortune."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, with evident marks of surprise; "and how came you to be informed of it, Ellen?"

"He told me so himself," said she.

"Very extraordinary," resumed the Baronet, "that he should tell you so."

"The

"The chances of a morning's conversation let me into the secret, without any premeditated design on his part," replied Ellen, who immediately proceeded to a more explicit information, and repeated to her father the half-confession that Sylvester had made at Princely Hall; adding, "I once thought the beautiful incognita to be the Lady Antoniette di Giornata, but I was mistaken in my conjecture; and though I avow my curiosity leads to a wish of knowing who she may be, it is an enquiry I should never presume to make of him."

Sir Thomas reclined thoughtfully in his chair for some minutes, as Ellen traced on his mild and intelligent countenance no sentiment save that of his usual affection, with apparently some agreeable reflection that mixed in his reverie.

"Thank God," mentally ejaculated the sweet apprehensive girl, "my beloved father expresses no symptoms of displeasure at his Ellen's avowed weakness—a

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weakness indeed," added she, "since I am fully aware it can only tend to embitter my own repose; but it is entwined with my destiny, and I can no more attempt to controul the one than avert the other."

"Ellen," said the Baronet, resuming his former speaking position, "*you* have made *your* confession, and now attend to *mine*. When I told you, my love, that in conformity to the world's opinion, the daughter of the first Baronet in Ireland could never become the wife of an unknown, unconnected young man, I did not attempt either to degrade Mr. Sylvester by the observation, or derogate from his merits in the prohibition. On the contrary, I said, had the chances of birth placed him on an equality with you, it was not his want of fortune that should obstruct your happiness. Mark me, Ellen, the only impediment that opposed itself is removed. Sylvester is the son of respectable parents, his father's military rank,

rank, were there no other causes, place him on the footing of a gentleman, and that my young friend is by nature and education exclusively so, no person can deny; and though he were proved the rightful inheritor of the most exalted title, he could receive no superior appellation. Yet it may be found that he is equally in right of one as the other. Sorry, therefore, should I be, did the impending developement produce the probable event, that Sylvester was led to imagine he owned *my* favour to his elevation, or perhaps that *your's* was obtained through the same ambitious motives. *My* sentiments have long since been changed. Yes, Ellen, *his* inestimable virtues, and your *invincible* attachment, which I have sedulously marked from its dawn to the present moment, had removed my objection of birth, before there was any probability of my tracing his origin except from himself; and anxious to promote *your* happiness, my love, I saw the only prospect

for ensuring it was, to throw off the trammels of prejudice, and be guided by my own feelings, together with existing circumstances."

"O! my dear father," cried Ellen, kissing his hand, "how good are you to your daughter! For this generous avowal, accept my grateful thanks, as fervently given as though your kind intentions could be realized. Be it my task henceforth to more fully evince my gratitude, by the exertions of my reason, and my fortitude to subdue an unfortunate prepossession; and though I should not be wholly successful, I shall at least enjoy a self-satisfaction in my endeavours to do what is right, and to your wishes, my dear father, be ever amenable."

The Baronet smiled. "I shall advance none, my Ellen, in which your own heart does not fully acquiesce, for a heart such as your's, my love, and an attachment so rooted, are not subjects to be ungenerously tampered with." He laid his hand

hand on her's. "They deserve to be rewarded. *They will be so.* Ellen, the dreaded rival exists but in your own imagination—*You* are the object of Sylvester's affections."

"My father!" uttered the pale trembling girl. "O! do not sport with my feelings."

"Not for worlds, my best loved Ellen, would I be so cruel. I repeat it; Sylvester loves you, and ere this momentous packet is unsealed, he must be assured that to his own merits alone do I resign the dearest treasure of my soul—my Ellen."

"O say nothing to Mr. Sylvester," she exclaimed. "Should your conjectures originate but through your partiality to me, my loved father, how mortifying—how degrading would be the result! You must not—indeed you must not," and she burst into tears.

"My Ellen," replied Sir Thomas, "I

would not wound your delicacy by so egregious an offence to it as *offering* your hand for the acceptance of *any* man, be his rank what it might. But Sylvester must not be led to think me meanly biassed by adventitious circumstances; and be the event what it may, my proceedings shall neither tend to mortify *my* pride, nor insult *your* feelings, both of which I respect alike."

Ellen's pale cheek rested on the arm of this best of parents, as the door opened and the subject of their interesting conversation entered the room. The blush of consciousness changed the lily to the rose. Tears yet moistened her down-cast eyes, and in confusion, her first impulse was to quit the apartment. Sylvester caught her hand as she retreated.

"Miss O'Callaghan," he exclaimed, "good God, what has happened? You are fluttered—agitated."

"Aye," said the Baronet, with one of his

his arch smiles, "Ellen is not the first girl who has been flurried by the mention of a husband to her."

"A husband!" echoed Sylvester, with a sudden start of astonishment that momentarily flushed his face, as Ellen, unable to pursue her intent, was obliged, from her tremors to reseat herself in the first chair that presented, while her eyes turned imploringly towards her father, as if she dreaded he would be more explicit. The Baronet, however, had no such idea; and Sylvester, recovering from his hasty confusion, said, "I thought my father had been here by this time," though in fact we are inclined to believe he had not his thoughts much about him just then.

"O!" replied Sir Thomas, "we may forgive him if he oversleeps himself this morning. It is many a long night he did not dream of happiness before, and he should now be indulged in its prolongation."

"And thank Heaven," said Sylvester, "the reality meets him when he awakes."

"Aye," cried the Baronet, "it is a joyful circumstance indeed, when our visionary prospects unexpectedly expand with a hope of being realized, and our air-built-castles meet a solid foundation. Those things don't always happen, to be sure, but patience and perseverance, they say, will break through stone walls. Now at present, I should like to break through that fortification of rolls, for I have a strong fancy that I want my breakfast; so without waiting longer for the *dreamer*, we'll begin a substantial attack. Come, Ellen, my love, do the honours of the table."

Ellen took her place, but it is impossible to suppose she went through the ceremony with firm nerves and steady hands, for she could command neither, no more than she could exert her voice, or bear unblushingly the scrutinizing glances of Ferdinand,

Ferdinand, or the yet more meaning ones of her father. The elder Sylvester joined them ere they had finished their repast, which when concluded, Ellen, rejoiced to be liberated from further attendance, withdrew with the breakfast equipage, satisfied in her mind that no particular conversation would ensue between the Baronet and Ferdinand, while a third person was present.

While Ellen remained in the parlour, the latter, who had learned to read on his fair pupil's face whenever any disagreeable occurrence impressed her mind, traced there some recent uneasiness, and became himself restless and unhappy, lest it should be occasioned by any serious cause. Some expression the Baronet had used, led him to conjecture at a probability of the truth, and so entirely engrossed his thoughts, as to render him inattentive to every other subject; nor was it till she had retired, that he recollected having the decisive packet upon

him, which he now drew from his pocket, and made a movement of presenting to his father.

"Not yet—not yet, my dear Ferdinand," cried Sir Thomas, gently putting back his extended hand; "there are many matters to adjust before we reach the finale, and one is, a recital of your own adventures since you launched a supposed orphan on the busy world. I think the communication of them very necessary towards setting us smoothly forward."

"Yes, my dear Ferdinand," said his father, "and you may judge how anxiously I await to hear their detail."

"With pleasure, my dear Sir," he replied, "shall I comply with your's and Sir Thomas's wishes; but will it be fair," he added, half smiling, "to exclude Miss O'Callaghan from their participation, even though the relation should be found to contain little, if any thing, to interest her?"

"I don't think Ellen is very well this morning,"

morning," answered the Baronet, "and imagine she is gone to lie down; but as, with both your permission, we will not proceed to the *ultimatum* without her being present, I shall venture to ensure her perfect acquiescence to whatever other communication may occur in her absence. Besides, it is to be hoped, Ferdinand, you will have sufficient opportunities hereafter of repeating to her the same story."

Ferdinand did not, or indeed could not, comprehend the extent of the Baronet's meaning in his latter words, if he had any; yet however he might have wished to defer all particular subjects, from not feeling himself sufficiently in spirits to enter into them, he could not refuse his compliance without some ostensible reason; and having no second excuse at hand, since that respecting Miss O'Callaghan failed, he without further hesitation proceeded to gratify his attentive auditors.

"My adventures," began Ferdinand, "have

"have nothing uncommon in them, unless indeed in the many instances of my friend's singular kindnesses to a poor solitary being, and which no one individual can more proudly boast of, or more gratefully feel." He looked at the Baronet, but *he* chose not to notice the allusion to himself; and the speaker went on. "The supposed loss of you, my dear father, was the first real sorrow that ever reached my heart, for you may remember how affectionately indulgent you were to all my little childish fancies, and the recollection of your kindness stamped on my youthful mind a lasting impression of you. Yet I cannot say that my regret at your departure for the campaign was very durable, as my dear mother repeatedly told me you would soon return to us, and that her caresses and attention were from that moment redoubled, which made me less sensible to your absence. When in the returns made by the regiment, you were reported missing, there was yet a probability

lity of your restoration; and my beloved mother, though trembling with apprehension at what might too possibly be your situation as a prisoner in the enemy's hands, still looked forward with hope of soon hearing from, if not seeing you again. Unremitting were her enquiries, and every day rose with expectation of the present proving more fortunate than the past. Yet days rolled over in progressive disappointment; weeks and months succeeded to augment her anxiety, and to these were added years of continued silence; till despair at length took place of hope, and she could no longer venture to indulge the flattering illusion. My dear mother kept up a regular correspondence with her beloved sister, my much respected and highly valued aunt, who, though I have never seen her, must ever live in my affections. To this justly esteemed relative did my mother impart every aggravated conflict of her bosom, lay open to her every circumstance

cumstance without reserve. With her she could have no secret; and in return every endearing exertion—every pleasing suggestion, was called forth to comfort and tranquillize the afflicted mourner. With a delicacy peculiar to true friendship, united to sisterly tenderness, did she administer to my loved parent's pecuniary necessities, who by this generous attention wanted for nothing that in her retired situation she could either wish or require; and particularly after my father's commission was disposed of, and the annuity through that channel had ceased, when my dear aunt carefully anticipated the possibility of any exigence by a constant remittance of supplies, which she then believed were more particularly required. O!" exclaimed Ferdinand, "with what pleasure would I cross the Atlantic, could I hope to throw myself at the feet of this dear relative, and express my gratitude for all her kindness to my beloved mother, her kindred angel. By her ample remittances,

tances, was this anxious parent enabled to bestow on me an education suitable to a gentleman, with all the respectable appendages belonging to one: and here, justice as well as gratitude demands that I should acknowledge the kind attentions of the worthy Mr. Godwin, my schoolmaster, who, from a belief of my mother's finances being very limited, would make no additional charges for extra masters or necessaries, and yet was unremitting in his endeavours to forward my improvement; nor would he even accept of the stated salary of the school, but that he feared, perhaps, to hurt her feelings, or offend her pride by a refusal. In every point of view, his character as a man and a divine, has been praise-worthy. Adored by his flock, he was the friend of every one, but in particular the unfortunate; and many, *many* a sad hour of my loved mother's has been blunted of its poignancy, by the soothing attentions of him and his no less amiable family; indeed his

his daughter was then a child, but she gave every promise of being worthy her respectable parents. This good man's income was trifling, and from what you, my dear father, have already mentioned of his still residing in the same place, I fear he has got no preferment, for he was too modest to solicit any, and too retired to be in fortune's way."

"He shall have one, by G—d!" exclaimed the Baronet, "if I live another month, and I trust it will prove his way to a mitre. Many a head wears one that less deserves it."

Sir Thomas's heart was taken unawares, or his lips had not been so ready to give utterance to an intent that had for some hours occupied his mind; but now, as if ashamed of having made a parade of his good deeds, he pushed back his wig to rub his head with a "Pshaw," at his own loquacity, adding, "how cursedly glib my tongue is! I believe I learned it from old Connolly. But come, go on,

Sylvester.

Sylvester. All old men talk at random, like parrots."

It was plain that the Baronet sought to prevent any animadversions on the subject, and it was not the wish of the persons present to oppress his generous feelings by common-placed compliments, or absurd eulogiums, the cant of sycophants, and an insult to common sense. There were therefore no comments made, and Ferdinand resumed his story.

"Under Mr. Godwin's tuition, I remained five years," proceeded he, "when just as I had quitted his school, a letter from my aunt announced to my mother the death of her unrelenting father, who had bequeathed the greater part of his property to my aunt, and her immediate family, under strong prohibitions of her sister Rebecca, or any person belonging to her by marriage, ever being benefited by any part of it, in any mode whatever."

"So much for the *friend*, as the Quakers denominate themselves," interrupted

rupted the Baronet, beating a tattoo with his feet on the carpet. "I wonder did he die in the hopes of being benefited himself by an hereafter."

"I am persuaded," resumed Sylvester, "that my grandfather, in persevering in so cruel and unjust a disposition to the last, was led away by that misguided notion of duty which sectarism always inspires, but perhaps no where so powerfully as among the people of this persuasion. Resentment and religion combined in urging him to punish my mother's apostacy from the faith of her ancestors—an apostacy that never is pardoned. The pale of the society is with them the boundary of the world; and a well-founded dread of the *temporal* consequences that follow on exclusion, is the most powerful of all the ties that serve to keep up their union. It is easy to conceive that this exclusion falls intolerably heavy on such who have from infancy placed all their hopes and affections within the narrow

row circle of sectarial connection. They, alas! have not power to console themselves with the reflection that the world is wide. When they step out of the pale of their former relations, they find themselves in a desart, and the gates of Paradise seem to close behind their back.

"Every position in life," continued Sylvester, "may perhaps be balanced as to its advantages and inconveniences; but probably they are no where so strongly marked, as among the sect of Quakers. In this society the family that can confine itself to its connections and notions, finds an incalculable resource in the ties of consanguinity, and the intimate union that subsists among its members. But in order to profit by these advantages, that family must make the society its world, its universe, and it must be successful! The first and chief virtue it must cultivate, is Prudence. Every other movement of the soul must be rendered subservient to that—Every habit of both thought

thought and practice must be grafted thereon. Hence misfortune is considered by them the greatest of crimes, as wealth is accounted the exclusive test of merit, and the only title to consideration. Whoever can keep his credit above water, can always, by means of a little intrigue, command succours; but he that once sinks, can only purchase help and pardon by the most humiliating submissions. This society, under the colours of meekness and fraternity, exercises the most powerful of all tyrannies, that of opinion. It assumes the right of interdiction, and even excommunication; and these penalties never fail to be inflicted on the unfortunate, from whatever source his disappointments may have sprung. Like the anathemas of the Vatican, they pretend to proceed from the mouth of infallibility, and like them, they are only more formidable from affecting to be unsupported by any temporal authority."

"The public conduct, orderly demeanour,

meanour, punctuality in their dealings, and submission to the laws, that distinguish the Quakers from all other sects," interrupted the Baronet, "are certainly highly commendable, and worthy of imitation, from whatever motives they may arise; but I have frequently been led to think the virtues as well as talents that society display are of the sedative kind. The world has not yet seen a Howard, or a Vincent de Paul, arise from among them; and in the only one of the liberal and scientific professions their peculiar tenets do not preclude them from the exercise of, they seem rather to cull the flowers of Science, than to explore and recoil the bounds of her reign."

"Nor ever will," rejoined Sylvester. "Genius disdains to have its path prescribed. It must be placed in an open field, where its energies have room to take any direction that taste, chance, or circumstance, may have impressed upon them. That habit is a second nature, is

no

no where so strongly exemplified as among these people. They are placed at an early age in the schools of the sect, where the first doctrine inculcated is submissive insinuation, and the entire abnegation of a child's desires and passions, under the pretence of duty which he cannot understand, but in reality to qualify him for the steadfast pursuit of his interests, which he soon learns to know the meaning of. It is here he acquires those habits of cool obsequious adulation that are necessary to future success in the society; and by persevering in the way of well doing, that is, in quarterly and yearly meeting-hunting, he may hope at last to succeed in hunting down rich matches and legacies. When opulence crowns the welfare of a family, these precautions become in a great measure needless, or at least are much less indispensable. Wealth, in lifting its possessor above the reach of malignity, extinguishes it. It constitutes, in the eyes of the vulgar,

and

and above all, of the quaker vulgar, so good a title to every blessing, that they dare not even envy the possessor of it, as no one thinks of attacking him who is known to be invulnerable. Those who are invariably induced to look on wealth as the greatest good, will view every other aim as an object of secondary consideration, and be led to believe that misfortune, if not itself a crime, is the recompence that misconduct alone entails. The induction they make is, that a family ought to consider such a situation as "a dispensation of chastisement," ought to be "deeply humbled," and cede even the hope and wish of prosperity to those who, being more happy, are of course more meritorious; they ought to acknowledge the exclusive right of the latter to "the chief seats in the synagogue," and to the gratification of a hundred other holy vanities, which they who have viewed the sect nigh can alone conceive, and they

that do not belong to it can alone feel the contemptibleness of.

"Truth and impartiality," added Sylvester, "oblige me to say, that though there exist in this society the most amiable exceptions, and some bright examples of enlightened philanthropy, yet there are likewise, far too many, whose conduct is an apology for the nervous censure bestowed on them by the author of Junius, "that under the hypocritical mask of a feigned zeal for the interests of piety, they are pursuing the mammon of unrighteousness, with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death."

"One would suppose, Ferdinand," said his father to him, "that you had mixed in the society half your life, you appear so fully acquainted with the ways of quakerism, for your observations are not inaccurate, as I myself had the opportunity of knowing a great deal of those people when I was in America, besides what your dear

dear mother has so frequently told me of the society; and it was from her so perfectly understanding its principles, that she was convinced of her father's unchangeable resentment."

"And that my beloved mother judged truly," said Ferdinand, "the event of his death fully proved; for even beyond the grave he carried it, by the prohibition of her, or her descendants, ever being benefited by *his* wealth. Yet this unkind restriction did not militate against my respected aunt's generous attentions; it did not close the avenues of her heart to the wants of a beloved sister, with whom she would have joyfully shared the liberal bequest, and thought she only acted with justice when she made her an equal partner in their father's fortune: of this dear relative's kind intentions respecting me, I could have no doubts; but then they were never directly spoken of as to their nature; and as my mother, fearful of alarming her loved sister, gave her no inti-

mation of her very precarious state of health, she, aware I was still pursuing my studies, and in want of nothing that could forward them, was, I presume, in no haste to decide on my future prospects, till I had attained a more advanced age. It remained for my pen to convey the sad intelligence of this dear parent's long illness, and final dissolution. What my aunt's feelings were, I can well judge; but as I no longer conceived myself entitled to her generous benefactions, now that death had severed the tenderest affections that ever united two sisters, I gave her to understand that her liberal donations to my mother, rendering me for the present independent, with a sufficiency for all immediate demands, I was immediately going out of the kingdom, with an amiable young nobleman, as his tutor; and as it would be impossible for me to appoint any places for receiving her letters, or ascertain the period of my return, I could only have the opportunity of now

and

and then writing to her, which I would not fail to do; and some future period would, I hoped, bring me accounts from her, or perhaps, afford me a chance of personally assuring her of my gratitude and veneration."

"O blessed independence of spirit!" exclaimed the Baronet; "there it spoke Ferdinand, in undisguised colours; yet I don't know whether it is always a blessing or a misfortune to its possessor; but of this I am fully persuaded, it is one of the noblest sentiments that can dignify the human mind."

Ferdinand took no notice of this indirect compliment to himself, but immediately proceeded in the continuance of his story.

"It was just at this period that Mr. Everard, always solicitous for my welfare, delicately proposed to me the tutorship of this young nobleman, which I most ardently embraced, as it afforded me an opportunity of expanding my ideas by

travelling, and at the same time opened my prospects of some future establishment. My pupil was indeed a youth of the most amiable disposition, strong capacity, and noble sentiments, that promised he would become an ornament to society, and I thought myself peculiarly fortunate in having, at my first onset, obtained so desirable a charge. But Heaven was pleased to snatch this hopeful blossom from the world, ere it ripened into maturity; he died in France before I had been a year with him; yet, in justice to his family, I must say that their offers of recompence to me afterwards were far exceeding my short attentions, and such as neither my conscience or my honour could accept of. I had already received of my young friend a memento of considerable value; it was this," added he, pulling out his watch, which was a very beautiful one; "you have often admired this watch, Sir Thomas; it was the last gift of my lamented pupil to me on his death-bed,

bed, who charged me to preserve it for his sake. I do so most religiously; and it every hour recalls to my mind its amiable bestower, and with regret that *his* spring of life was so untimely broken. One thing more of this young gentleman is necessary I should mention, as it will more strongly evince his friendship and his zeal for my interest, even to his latest moments, at the same time that it will account for the particular notice with which I have been honoured by the family of the Marchese di Giornata. From the first symptoms of his disorder, my dear young friend himself pronounced his fate, and he frequently requested of me to leave him, lest I should suffer from its malignity; but that would have been a proceeding as cruel as ungrateful; besides, I had no apprehensions on my own account, and fear, I believe, in such cases, very often invites the attack. He prohibited me from sending any account of his situation to his family, as he was well assured

they would hasten over, and he was equally certain of his dissolution taking place, before even the most speedy messenger could reach them. His conjectures were but too fatally verified, for the fourth day of his illness terminated his life. I sat on one side of his bed watching the crisis of his disorder, which though dreaded, I yet looked forward to with hope. His faithful domestic stood at the door. 'My dear Sylvester,' said the patient sufferer, 'I have not many hours to live, no human skill can save me, and I am resigned to the Almighty's will. This country is not safe for you to remain in, nor should we have been here now, but that it pleased God I should go another journey. Be vigilant and careful of yourself, for the tyrant of France, Robespierre, has an eye on us; how I learned it, I cannot now explain, only hasten from this country as expeditiously as you can. Inform my uncle of what has happened, as he can better break the

melancholy

melancholy intelligence to my dear parents than any letter of your's. Let my remains be immediately enclosed in a shell if possible, and deposited where they may be obtained again at some more peaceful moment, as perhaps it may be my family's wish to remove me to the sepulchre of my ancestors. I imagine it is your wish to continue some time on the continent; take therefore my advice, and hasten to Florence; to a family there of the first consequence my father *particularly* recommended me, and in my letter of introduction your name is likewise most warmly mentioned; it is directed to the Marchese di Giornata, which you must yourself deliver to him; and make no opposition to what I am about to do. I will with my own feeble hand further recommend you to the notice of this nobleman, by a line in the envelope; therefore while I have a little strength, and my senses perfect to guide my pen, bring the writing materials.'

"To remonstrate," continued Sylvester, "was in vain—any opposition would have but served to irritate him, and I obeyed. His man and I supported him, while he wrote with difficulty and signed his name. His billet was short; but it was the effusion of a truly friendly heart.

'My respected tutor, Mr. Sylvester, delivers your Lordship this packet. He is worthy your esteem—mine for him only ceases with my existence. A malignant disorder hastens me to a premature grave; from him you will learn all. I had hoped to be honoured with your friendship; let me transfer it to him, and accept for yourself and family a prayer for your happiness from the dying.

HORATIO DIGBY.'

Ferdinand suddenly rose from his seat, and throwing open the window sash, stood

stood before it for a few minutes, when having given to the memory of a deserving youth the tribute of grateful remembrance, he again resumed his chair, and continued his narration.

"This exertion of my dear attentive young friend," he proceeded, "did not appear to have disturbed him; but on the contrary, it seemed as if he had performed a duty that before lay heavy on his mind, and that he was then done with all temporal concerns. A little while indeed, and *all* were finally concluded. He expired in my arms, perfectly himself to the last moment, and his last words were, 'Heaven bless you, Sylvester!'

"And the invocation has, I hope and believe, been heard," said the elder Sylvester, "and in its gracious dispensation has been included your father."

"And for the happiness Heaven has mutually granted us, my dearest father," replied Ferdinand, "be the heart of your thrice happy son ever grateful.

"As my esteemed young friend delivered into my hands this small packet of letters," went on the narrator, "in my confusion, and certainly my sincere affliction at the awful scene before me, instead of laying it aside with my other papers, I put it into an inside pocket of the coat I wore, by which trifling circumstance it escaped the general devastation of the rest; for scarcely had I fulfilled his injunction respecting his remains, and written to his uncle the melancholy account, when my person and papers were seized by an order from the *comité de sureté generale*, as they were denominated. The packet containing the mystery of your birth, my beloved father, I had left behind me in England, along with some letters of my mother and aunt's, sealed up in a small box, that the father of my pupil was kind enough to take the immediate charge of till my return; and it was only when I came to England again with Mr. Millbank that I reclaimed, and got it back as I had delivered it."

CHAP. III.

"Oh! Libertié, combien des crimes, n'a-t-on commis en ton nom!" *The last words of Madam Roland.*

"THE transactions which occurred almost immediately on the death of my lamented young friend," proceeded Ferdinand, "form the most interesting part of my story, and fully verified his apprehensions of my safety. In the interim of making the necessary arrangements after his decease, and previous to my departure from Paris, I received the visits of condolence from many of his friends, to some of whom I ventured to communicate the fears he had expressed for my delaying any

any time in the country. Their opinion did not seem to coincide, as they could foresee, even at the worst, nothing beyond an examination of my papers, respecting which they presumed there was not any thing to implicate me. I thought so likewise," added he, "and though anxious for my departure, I was not void of apprehension. At length the false security, into which the assurance of those persons that I should not be molested had lulled me, was broken up. Returning from a walk on the Boulevards, on the memorable and melancholy 16th of October, 1793*, I found the *Commissaire de Police* of my section had left me a friendly message, that as soon as I had dined, I must repair to the *Comité Revolutionaire*, from whence he thought it most probable I should be sent to prison.

"Flattering myself this was the impotent effort of some personal malevolence,

* Day of the execution of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France.

I obeyed the summons with little emotion; alas! I did not foresee to what a length of suffering this was to be the prelude*. We were conveyed to the Luxembourgh, which from a palace was already converted into a prison, and became ere long an antichamber to the scaffold. So long as we continued here, our situation was tolerable. Almost all the English of both sexes, who resided at Paris, were collected in this place, as well as a considerable number of respectable natives; and as we had no difficulty in communicating with, and even receiving the visits of our friends, our detention was less irksome. We were not, in fact, without hopes of a prompt release; and not being yet alarmed for the safety of our friends, the pain of simple confinement suffered little aggravation.

"Nevertheless the last days of our stay in the Luxembourgh were marked with

* This account is *literally* as it happened to an English gentleman at that time in Paris.

anxiety

anxiety and horror. The unfortunate representatives, victims to the proscription of the 31st of May, were many of them seized in their flight, and conveyed back to Paris; and one evening there arrived successively in post-chaises in the court of the palace, Vergniaud, Guadet, Brissot, and Sillery; they were bound hand and foot, and we saw the gendarmes, who formed their escort, remove them out of the carriages in their arms. Before the next day at noon, they had ceased to exist. Having been outlawed by an acclamatory decree of that convention now at the devotion of their enemies, no other formality was used than the identification of their persons. Some of them loudly demanded a public trial, and the opportunity to plead their own cause; but their adversaries knew too well the consequence of such justification would be their own destruction. They were conducted immediately to the scaffold.

"A few days after this event, we were told

told to prepare for our translation elsewhere. This place was destined to be the theatre of darker scenes, of which it was not at that time intended strangers should be either the victims or the witnesses.

"We were therefore distributed, the men in two ex-convents, and the females in a third; and it fell to my lot, with that of an intimate acquaintance of mine, likewise confined, to be conveyed to the Scotch College in the Rue des Fossés Saint Victor, where, though less comfortably lodged, we enjoyed for a little time nearly the same liberty of communication as at the Luxembourgh. This college was founded at the instigation of James the Second, after his expulsion from the throne of England, for the education of the young Catholics of Scotland, refugees, or attached to the interests of the expatriated family. It had been for a century the focus of jacobite intrigue; and its library, a great part of which laid waste, and in heaps on the floor of the chapel, contained

tained still many curious historical documents and original letters, which the young English captives amused themselves in perusing, till they were all carted away one day to the section, and most likely sold for waste paper to the cheesemongers*.

"After a few weeks passed in tranquillity, the number of prisoners increased, and French people of all classes and characters were mixed with us. Precaution was then multiplied, and a new gaoler, named Rozet, was set over us; a rough,

* As an instance of the erudition and discernment of those *subaltern* dictators of the day, who held in their hands the liberty, property, and lives of their fellow citizens, Mr. M——y, a young Irish gentleman, exhibited to the president of the Comité Revolutionaire, on his visit of inspection through the house, an original letter of the Pope to James the Second, written in the Latin language on vellum, under the apostolic seal and signature, and illuminated, with a request that he would permit him to keep it. The Solon of his section, after examining the piece, asks, '*N'y a-t-'il rien d'aristocrat la dedans?*' '*Non,*' replies M——y, who spoke excellent French, '*tout cela est tres republicain*'.—'*Eh bein! en ce cas, tu peux la prendre.*'

brutal

brutal old man, who had recommended himself to favour, by vociferating louder than his neighbours at the assembleé populaire of his section. No sooner had this walking bear entered on his functions, than an immediate change for the worse took place. A cupola at the top of the house was taken down, because we sometimes went up there to enjoy the view it afforded over the Jardin des Plantes, of the windings of the Seine, and the distant country. A prodigious wall was raised between us and the gardens of a convent that was contiguous (les Anglaises), because some of our young people had been observed to salute with their hats the ladies that were imprisoned there (for that too had been converted into a maison d'arret): the windows in the front of the college were either walled up or grated, to prevent our offending the feelings of the populace by our aristocratical figures. The letters received and sent away were subjected to inspection, and the greatest difficulty

difficulty took place in the admission of our nearest friends. The news received from without were of the same hue. The number of executions increased daily.—The most virtuous and enlightened characters of both sexes disappeared. In proportion as the terror and tyranny of jacobinism increased, the disastrous effects of the law of the *maximum* became more grievous. The country people withheld their corn, cattle, and wine. Paris was starved. A revolutionary army was set on foot, to enforce supplies with the bayonet. A travelling guillotine made a part of its baggage. The detachments of this army, which was selected from the idlest, most abandoned, and vicious part of the community, only served to augment the disorder, by plundering more for themselves than for the public, and alienating those of the country people who were yet well-disposed to their cause.

"At this time an accident occurred, that removed me to another scene of desolation.

lation. Our gaoler, though he affected the Cincinnatus, was as mercenary as he was brutal; though he inexorably refused entrance to the dearest friend of those who did not fee him, yet nothing was easier than to *purchase* the permission of any intercourse whatever. *I* was of the number of the refractory: and one day, after he had brutally persisted in refusing entrance to one of my friends, at the same moment when others were admitted, I had the rashness to appeal from his authority in writing to the court of municipal officers. Instead of redress, I was called one evening about nine o'clock, and without a moment's warning told to lock my trunk and follow the gend'armes, who put me into a coach; and it was only on arriving there I found it was to the ex-convent of the Carmes, Rue Vangirard, they had conducted me.

"Unpleasant as were the scenes we had lately passed through, it was from this time only the misery of my situation commenced.

commenced. I was kept awake all the first night by the watch-word of the patroles and centinels round the building, who every ten minutes passed the charge round to each other, '*sentinelle, prenez garde a vous,*' a precaution that had been practised about the Bastile, from whence they had borrowed it; but a few months afterwards, when the fury of jacobinism raged, and the ruffians never mounted guard without the hope or wish of an order to massacre us, they amused their impatience by disturbing our slumbers. It was become a subject of rivalry and wager who could make the most noise; and every two or three minutes during the whole night, twenty or thirty *coupe-jarrets* affected to bellow as loud as their voices could be strained, '*sentinelle, prens garde a toi.*'

"I had therefore time enough, the first night, to reflect on the horrors of my situation. Torn from the society of my friends, and immured in a place which was become

become proverbial for alimenting the guillotine, and this for having acted a manly part, and vindicated the wrongs of my fellow-prisoners, who dared not complain for themselves—but it is not the history of my feelings that I am relating, and shall not therefore prolong my discourse by enlarging on them."

"Nor need you, my dear Ferdinand," interrupted Sir Thomas; "the dreadful transactions of that memorable epoch sufficiently explain what they must have been."

"I slept," resumed Ferdinand, "in what, before the secularisation of the convent, had been its library. Since its conversion into a prison, this room was made the chauffoir, or public warming-room of the placé. The cells or private apartments, though very numerous, were already too much crowded with prisoners to permit me a private corner. I was therefore lodged, with more than forty others, in the chauffoir, where, notwithstanding

standing the concourse and noise, I endeavoured to employ myself. Having rather neglected my mathematics for some years, I began a new course; and in defiance of cards, drafts, dice, chess, backgammon, domino, lotto, and every sort of noisy gambling and diversions, worked my problems and wrote my notes. This application, in spite of wind and weather, attracted the notice of Dufourni, late president of the department of Paris, and Destournelles, his intimate friend, late minister of the interior, and member of the provincial executive council, who were confined here, and an intimacy was the result, that subsisted during our detention.

"Among the personages I found, or who were conducted here, were the Prince of Salm-Kyrbourg, the Prince of Montbaron, the Abbé Dautichamp, grand vicar of Paris, General Beauharnois and his Lady, now the Empress of France, the Compte de la Guiche, the Prince of Bethune-

thune-Charost, M. de Soiecour, Boucher d'Argis, Madame Charles Lameth, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, the widow of the younger General Custine, and many other persons of distinction, whose names escape my memory. The women were lodged in a separate part of the building, but we had for some time the common liberty of walking in a large garden during the day, where my intimacy with Dufourni and Destournelles, whose society, as men of letters, was much sought by many of the above personages, gave me the opportunity to be frequently of their party.

"Our number exceeded four hundred, and at this time the removals to the Conciergerie for trial were not more than four or five per day; and though we never saw them return, but took for granted, what was almost always the case, that they were indiscriminately sacrificed, the circumstance did not cause any general sensation. It was contrived that these removals should always take place in the night,

either with the humane intention to spare the feelings of the other prisoners, and prevent the consternation that might be expected to ensue, were the victims to be torn from their weeping friends in open day, or what was more probable, to make sure of no resistance or rescue in their transport through the public streets. It was therefore in the middle of the night, that they who laid awake heard the steps of men and the rattling of keys along the corridors, each in trembling expectation to hear his own door opened. In a few minutes all was silent again, and the first enquiry in the morning was, who had disappeared since the preceding evening. A person who lodged in the chauffoir, and whose only crime, as far as I could collect, was, that of happening to be at the Chateau des Tuilleries on the 10th of August, being an indifferent penman, requested me to arrange and put in order the proofs of his innocence, and aid him in making out a memorial, which he meant to present

in

in order to obtain his liberty. I found him gone one morning before we had time to finish his memorial, and two days afterwards I learned my poor client was executed.

"Indeed we were seldom left in ignorance of the fate of our fellow-sufferers, even when precluded from any communication without, and deprived the permission of a newspaper; for the criers of the gazettes made as much noise during the day, as the sentinels in the night, and took especial care to echo round the building the names and number of the guillotined; and not unfrequently did an unfortunate *detenu* gather in this manner the earliest news of the fate of a friend, a relation, perhaps a spouse; for every other means of correspondence was denied. Our friends without were left in equal uncertainty respecting our fate. No letter or note was permitted to pass the wicket. The linen sent out and brought in was inspected with the most jealous

exactness. A note attached to the packet, though expressing only the name of the person it belonged to, was always suppressed, and copied on another piece of paper before delivery. Bottles were decanted, pies opened, fowls cut up, the very eggs the prisoners received were broken, and all the precautions taken that suspicious tyranny could multiply.

"My friends at length concluded that it would be only from the unfortunate list they should collect my fate, and expected to see it in every journal. It was in vain to hope from others either aid or consolation. Every fireside was robbed of some of its members; not a family—not an individual, but wept the loss of friends, or trembled for their safety. France was covered with Bastiles, and every public building, convent, dispensary, public and private mad-house, were converted into state prisons. There were in Paris alone thirty-three thousand prisoners, and it might be said that one-half its population

mounted

mounted guard on the other. All the gaiety and chearful tumult of the streets was at an end. From one extremity to the other of this vast city, not a carriage was heard to roll, except now and then a hackney-coach filled with *gens d'armes*, who escorted some unfortunate prisoner; not a crowd to be seen, unless about the scaffold.

"There indeed, and round the executioner's chariot, were often multitudes; the passenger who was unfortunate enough to cross their way, was unable to extricate himself, without making those efforts that would have signalized him for an *aristocrat*, and provoked from the crowd, at least, the greatest insults, if nothing worse: thus by fear or force, he was often hurried away with the press, and made an unwilling spectator of the scene of sanguinary horror that terminated these processions*.

 "On

* "A particular friend of mine," says the gentleman of whom we detail this account, "was forced with the crowd to the

"On the discovery of a pretended conspiracy of Danton, Hebert, Chaumette, &c., an order arrived rigorously to forbid the admission of any provisions or refreshments whatever, even under the form of medicines, and to confine us to the common meal furnished for all the prisoners without distinction, which was scanty

the *Place de la Revolution*, and there compelled to witness the execution of nine or ten beautiful young ladies from Thionville, most of them boarding-school girls, whose crime consisted in having presented together a *bouquet* to the King of Prussia when he entered their town. No pen can describe the ferocity with which Robespierre had succeeded in inspiring a certain portion of the Parisians. In the midst of this demagogic fury, the sex laid aside its tenderness, and became, if possible, more inhuman than the men. An amiable and elegant young lady, whom business compelled abroad, meeting, near the *Place Victories*, an escort of victims, thought herself happy to take refuge in a coffee-house on the opposite side of the way. The mistress of it, a woman neatly dressed, and of good appearance, far from expressing horror or disgust, when she saw the cart was filled with females, clapped her hands, and exclaimed, '*tiens, voila une fricasseé des femmes; comme nous allons rire!*'

enough

enough from the beginning, and its quality grew every day more loathsome and disgusting. During the whole spring, we had been indulged in the free promenade of an extensive garden, with a fountain and bason in the center of it. It was now the month of July, and at the moment when it was thought we should feel the privation most severely, we were deprived of the garden, and confined to the upper stories of the building. Near five hundred persons, thus crowded together, lodged chiefly in small close cells, with little access to the open air, during the extreme heat of a Parisian summer, the windows of the corridor being nearly closed up with brick-work, it was reasonable to apprehend the prevalence of fevers, perhaps an epidemical distemper. Leave was therefore applied for to introduce a few bottles of aromatic vinegar and some juniper-berries, in order to sprinkle the floors and fumigate the rooms. After several applications to the

turnkeys, we obtained for answer 'that a petition must be addressed to the Comité Revolutionaire of the *section du Bonnet Rouge*, under whose direction this prison was placed; whereupon the comité would in their wisdom deliberate, if it was requisite that the surgeon of the police should visit the place, and make his report on the urgency of our request, and thereupon the comité would finally pronounce on our demand.' We saved ourselves the trouble by doing without the aromatics, and fortunately, notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather, no disorder prevailed.

"The number of removals to the Conciergerie now increased, and six or eight daily disappeared; but our population remained the same, for others hourly arrived to take their places. At length, one forenoon, forty-seven individuals from different departments, including five who slept in the same room with me, were led away at once to thetribunal. In this number

were

were the Princes of Salm-Kyrbourg, and Montbazon, the Abbé D'Autichamp, Compte de Beauvois, Monsieur de Soiecour, and other persons of distinction. We had little doubt the doom of the most marking personages in this *list* was fixed beforehand; indeed they appeared of the same opinion; for the *Sovereign* Prince of Salm-Kyrbourg offering his hand to two or three of us at the wicket, we forced a smile and said, his Highness must not expect his liberty; that he was going as a witness to the tribunal, and we should see him back the next day. He returned the smile and answered, '*Mes amis, nous allons plus loin.*' Yet as it sometimes happened that obscure individuals were acquitted, and either set at liberty, or remanded as simple *suspects*, we hoped a part of those who were of that description would probably be absolved in like manner. In the course of the evening, *one* of the number, a mountebank belonging to Franconi's equestrian troop, was conducted back,

acquitted of the accusation, but condemned to detention, as *suspect d'aristocratie*, and brought us word that his forty-six companions were already condemned and executed. The Princes, the Nobles, two or three general officers, one or two priests, some tradesmen and artizans, a mountebank, a puppet-shew man (jouer des marionettes), and an ox-drover from Poissy, who could not read, were all accused of the same crime, included in one indictment, and (save one) found guilty by one verdict. Four English and Irishmen were also comprehended in this *fournée* or *batch*, as it was termed in the *cannibal* language of the times, among whom was General Ward, in the Austrian service, and his Irish servant John, who provoked a sentence against himself, being resolved to perish with his master.

"It had been the custom of the wives and children of the prisoners to assemble in little groupes on an evening in the lanes and enclosures opposite the college, sit down

down on the grass, and watch the opportunity, when they thought they distinguished their friends at the windows, of waving handkerchiefs, lifting their children in their arms, and making different other signals, which were answered by the prisoners as well as they dared. The prejudice and virulence of some wretches induced them one day to denounce it to the officer of the guard, and a picquet of men was afterwards maintained, to prevent any females from stopping in front of the prison. We were threatened at the same time, that all the windows should be walled and grated; and if we approached them, the sentinel below instantly levelled his musket with '*retirestoi!*'

"In order to find pretexts of accusation against those persons whom Robespierre's infernal policy thought it necessary to sacrifice, but whose conduct had not furnished a thread for the ingenuity of Fouquier-Tinville*, a new instrument

* The public accuser at the Tribunal Revolutionaire.

was employed, Public informers, called *mouches*, were introduced under the guise of prisoners. It was these peoples' duty to insinuate themselves into the private circles of the *detenus*, affect an ancient intimacy with one, peculiar attachment to another, profound sympathy for the sufferings of a third; invective the government, the republic, provoke them, in a moment of convivial confidence, to make the most imprudent disclosures, and then denounce their victims, and appear against them under the form of what, by a happy coincidence with Robespierre's policy, is termed in England *King's evidence*. As soon as one *mouche* had done his business, he was removed away, along with his victims, and another of different character and manners substituted in his stead; so that it was very difficult to know these people, or unless by the most reserved behaviour to keep out of their way.

"After the practice had been kept up some

some time, the impudence of one of these *mouches* led him to attempt ingratiating himself with some persons intimately acquainted with the old police of Paris, in particular with the ex-minister Destournelles, who recognized instantly one of its ancient inquisitors, or spies, and immediately exposed his mission. In consequence of this discovery, the measure was frustrated; and this means of extermination being exhausted, a more summary and general one was meditated in its stead.

"Though the prisoners in general preserved their spirits, and even their gaiety, for habit had rendered us almost insensible to woe or terror, yet several suicides occurred. A respectable elderly man, a surgeon, had thrown himself through an upper window. The Prince of Bethune-Charost had made an attempt to stab himself, but was prevented by the strait waistcoat, lest the guillotine should be robbed of its destined prey; and a man

was

was put to *secret**, hanged himself in his chamber through pure *ennui*, and so made room for General Hoche, afterwards the pacificator of the Vendee, who entered it the next day, on the same conditions, though he was afterwards permitted to join us. These suicides furnished a pretext for a very rigorous search, or visit, which lasted twenty-four hours, wherein they took away razors, scissars, pen and table-knives, and every thing they thought ingenuity could make a weapon of, and were careful not to leave behind either watch, money, silver utensils, assignat, passport, or *carte de surete.* The letter I have before mentioned, as having been enclosed by my deceased friend in his envelope to the Marchese di Giornata, I confess I felt apprehensions at this mo-

* "*Mis au secret,*" which means, committed close prisoner to his own room, and not allowed to communicate with the other prisoners till he had undergone an interrogatory, and his papers were examined.

ment:

ment for its discovery, though I affected the most perfect unconcern during the search; whether from that *non-chalance*, or the ingenuity of my taylor, and the flatness of the little package giving no appearance of any secret deposit, I know not, but it fortunately escaped detection. The watch I had not about me, or it would most inevitably have shared in the general purloinment; for on the night of my orders to attend the *Comité Revolutionaire*, uncertain whether I might not encounter a mob of pickpockets as well as murderers, (though not apprehending a detention) I gave it into the custody of our hostess, to keep till my return, saying, as it was the highly-prized gift of our departed friend, I would not hazard taking it with me where I was going. Most carefully did she preserve the trust, till I again came forward to reclaim it.

"For some time a rumour had spread through the place, that a general massacre of the prisoners in Paris was projected. The dark despotism of Robespierre

pierre had excited the dread and mistrust even of his colleagues; and in proportion as he felt the throne of terror to shake under him*, his atrabilious malignity increased. In one or two of his late speeches, he had thrown out hints little ambiguous on the subject. Till this last occurrence, I had paid no attention to the whispers which flew about, but I afterwards found that others knew more, and that the officers who were prisoners, had concerted the means, in case of emergency, to hold out against a mob of assassins to the last moment.

"About this time the *city architect* was committed here, and he communicated to us the conferences he had had with the municipality on the subject of preparing a grave, without the *barriere*

* For many days before this event, it was surmised by many, that Robespierre was precipitating his own fate, and the news penetrated even into our dark recesses. Two of the different turnkeys whispered mysteriously in the ear of Destournelles, as they glided fearfully past him in the corridor, 'Robespierre se perd!'

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du trone, Fauxbourg St Antoine, capable of receiving thirty thousand bodies, which might be interred there. He had reason to believe the hesitation he used in this conference was the cause of his commitment.

"A day or two afterwards we learned, that all the female prisoners of Paris were to be transferred to one place, the convent of Port Royal, in order, as it was natural to conclude, to assure their safety during the great measure that was to have its effect on all the other prisons.

"In this situation were we, when in the middle of the night, between the 8th and 9th Thermidor, we were awakened with the sound of drums in different quarters, and by-and-bye a body of soldiers, accompanied by numerous flambeaux, their drums beating a quick march, passed before the prison, and halted at a cross station at a very little distance. The drums rolled, and one whom we took to be an officer made a short speech, which

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was answered by the populace with loud acclamations. All that we could collect of the discourse was, an expostulation to the people, '*Voulez vous un roi, voulez vous un dictateur?*' which was answered by shouts of, '*Non! non! non!*' on every hand. The drums beat again, and the procession marched on to another quarter.

"We passed the night in great impatience, but without anxiety, because we knew well that a band of assassins would not be attended with that escort and publicity; and on the other hand, that any change which was taking place must be to our advantage, as nothing could render our position more unhappy than it was. At length morning came, and the doors were unlocked; and though an air of mystery seemed to reign in the countenance of the gaolers, and we scarcely dared to interrogate them for fear of worse news, yet in less than half an hour the truth was known, viz. that the preceding forenoon, Robespierre had been denounced

denounced at the Convention, and committed to the Luxembourg; from whence, having been rescued by his partizans, he, and the *Comité de Salut Publique*, or at least the majority of its members, had constituted themselves in rebellious authority at the *Hotel de Ville*, which having been stormed, many of the conspirators attempted to destroy themselves, but ineffectually. They were all taken alive, except Lebas, who succeeded in shooting himself; and the two Robespierres, Couthon, Saint Just, Henriot, and their creatures, twenty-one in number, were to be executed the same evening!

"I will only trespass so far on your patience, as to relate what passed at the same moment at the Scotch college, where still remained a friend of my late pupil's and mine, whom I had met there. The same mysterious dispositions had been remarked there for some time previous to this event; and the conduct of their keeper, who had been changed (Rozet having

having been incarcerated in his turn, for shewing too much *leniency* to his prisoners, and a still more ferocious being substituted in his place) and that of his turnkeys, conspired to make them believe nothing less than a *septembrization** was meditated. At length, on the 8th of Thermidor, an escort of *gen d'armerie* conducted there Saint Just†, member of the Comité de Salut Publique; he appeared fatigued, faint, and dejected. The prisoners requested him to partake of some refreshments, when a body of horse, with drawn swords, galloped up to the door; the officers alighted, and entered the

* Another cannibal word, allusive to the massacres in the prisons in September, 1792.

† This young man, aged scarcely twenty-four years, of brilliant talents, the most exemplary, and even austere morals, the humane and active philanthropy of whose character had become almost proverbial, was perverted in a few months by association with the jacobin-faction, and the participation of absolute sway, into one of the most sanguinary and relentless of its monsters.

the prison, demanding imperiously of the keeper, 'ou est Saint Just?' He was shewn to them, when the commandant addressed him in these words, 'Salut et fraternité de la part de Robespierre, qui l'attend a la maison commune,' (Hotel de Ville). They took him away, as all resistance on the part of the keeper, had he been so disposed, would have been idle, mounted him on a spare horse, and galloped away towards the Hotel de Ville. The gates were immediately shut, and no answer returned by the keepers to any questions till the next day, when the whole truth was known at once, as it had been at the Carmes.

"From that moment a great change took place in our favour. The public opinion ceased to be empoisoned, and they whose friends were incarcerated, were no longer restrained by terror from soliciting their enlargement. Many were almost immediately released; and, as is usual in such cases, it was no less the innocence or sufferings of

of the prisoner, than the zeal and intrigue of his friends, that obtained an early redress. In the mean time, the hardships of our position were immediately mitigated; the correspondence with our connections was opened again, and we were permitted to receive succours and refreshments from without.

"Though the hydra of Jacobinism was mortally wounded, it was not yet dead; the *tail of Robespierre*, as it was emphatically called, still shook its rattles. However, its efforts were ineffectual, and our impatience was soothed by seeing many of our persecutors arrive to take our places. Among others, were conducted here one day, the whole Comité Revolutionaire du Bonnet Rouge, consisting of five members, two of whom confessed they could not read. The president was a *working lock-smith*; and yet to the direction of these illiterate irresponsable beings had been confided, not only the property, but the life of a great number

ber of individuals, composing one of the most opulent sections of Paris. Their situation was painfully ludicrous; some of them were announced as wild beasts; and a certain original was at the pains to cry them as a shew, and actually for a whole day, took a *sous* a-piece for opening their door and "shewing the lions." The next day at dinner, the vintner was instructed to make them a profound bow, and humbly request to know, as these gentlemen had for some time been accustomed to the *cellars of the great,* and had doubtless 'le bec fin,' what sort of wine might hope to please their palate? The president was complimented on his superior skill at entering bureaus by the back door, that is, opening the back of the desk, to avoid disturbing the seals he had himself placed on the keyhole. Our keeper, Robelet, likewise met with his share of insult, principally on the following occasion:—It had been remarked, that from the time *septembrization* was

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in question, great difficulty occurred respecting our linen, insomuch, that what we ought to receive from our friends, was not delivered till three or four weeks afterwards. It appeared on enquiry, that this monster had made a practice, in concert with his men, to detain the linen sent out for wash, and the clean brought in, under pretext of examination; and thus had accumulated a month's apparel of all his prisoners, in the hope that when the massacre took place, he would have no account to give of any part of it. The rascal, in short, was taken by the throat by his own prisoners; and after a gentle reprimand of us, and a slight attempt to justify him, on the part of the municipal officers, who heard the complaint, his mittimus was made out, and himself sent a prisoner to Saint Lazare.

"During the remainder of my detention, we were not without one or two alarms. Early one morning, successive explosions, as of heavy cannon, became louder

louder and louder, till in a few seconds the panes, broke in shivers, the window-frames burst open, and the building, massy as it is, shook from its foundations. Our first thought was, that we were fired upon with grape-shot, and the people in the chauffoir hid themselves under their bedding; but seeing the walls suffered no injury, I approached a window, and observed the guard below were equally alarmed. Advancing therefore to the west end of the room, we saw an immense column of thick smoke, rise as to the clouds, and move, in almost compact body, awfully and slowly on to the eastward. The drums were beating to arms in all quarters, and we learned it was the *national* powder manufactory at Grenelle, about a mile from us, that had blown up. This stupendous work, which the government was indiscreet enough to establish in one of the suburbs of Paris, contained a prodigious quantity of finished and unfinished powder, which blew up in

ten or twelve explosions; and of more than a thousand work-people on the spot, it is believed nine-tenths were either killed or maimed by the accident. Another *eveille*, a few days afterwards, was occasioned by a dreadful fire, at the Abbey Saint Victor, considerably nearer us; but knowing from the first what it was, it did not excite the same alarm. At length, after repeated solicitations, on the part of friends, they obtained an order for my discharge; and I was liberated, after a detention of three hundred and seventy-three days."

"In the blood of the innocent shed by Robespierre," vehemently apostrophised Sir Thomas, "was recorded that monster's attrocities; and to the unerring fiat of the Eternal, be left his judgment and decree!"

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

"Durate, et vos met rebus servate secundis."

VIRGIL.

"THE sequel of my story," resumed Ferdinand, "will not be found either so tedious or interesting as that part of it I have just related. No sooner was I released, than I repaired to my ci-devant lodgings, where, in the rapturous joy of my good hostess, her arms were thrown round my neck, and she wept on it, as a mother would over the bosom of a recovered son. Among other things which she restored to me, were a parcel of letters, that had arrived since my absence, and which she had feared to forward to me. One of

these was from Lord Digby, expressing his gratitude for my attention to his beloved lamented son, of which, with every other transaction attending his illness, his Lordship had been informed by the domestic I have already mentioned, and who was fortunate enough to get from France almost immediately after my arrest. It may be readily credited, that I had no longer any desire to delay in a country where I had sustained such heavy injuries, although of any further violence, there was nothing to be apprehended; yet at all events, the place was not now agreeable, and I quitted it to repair to Italy. After crossing the Alps, I was in no haste to pursue my route, as I found my attention engaged by every change of scenery; and at leisure, viewed and informed myself of whatever was worthy to be learned; and in this manner journeyed on to Florence, part of which route, for amusement's sake, I performed on foot. To speak without reserve, I began to feel the

the absolute necessity of hastening to present myself before the Marchese di Giornata, as my finances were considerably impaired by this long detention, and only sufficient to enable me to make a respectable appearance at my introduction. I was anxious to procure a situation, such as I had held with my late pupil, but would make no application for one till I had seen this nobleman, being aware that, did he honour me with his patronage, I could desire no greater recommendation, nor have a more favourable prospect of succeeding. Arriving at Florence, I hastened to dispatch a note to the Marchese, briefly announcing who I was, and requesting permission to wait on him. The answer was such as I looked for, but my reception far surpassed what I could have expected. The Marchese had been some time apprised of my young friend's death, by accounts from his father, in which his Lordship again brought me forward, and either through a parent's gratitude, or

the partial representations of the servant, the common attentions of friendship were magnified with such unbounded eulogiums, that I really felt myself distressed by them. However, these strong recommendations gained me the favour of the Marchese; nor had it been my pupil himself who came forward, could he have been received with more kindness; he shook my hand with the cordial warmth of an intimate—'I have long awaited you, Mr. Sylvester,' said he, 'and awaited you with impatience, anxiety, and fears for your safety; thank God, you are safe, or I should a second time have to regret a severe calamity in the loss of both my amiable young friends. Such I had already regarded the son of my good Lord Digby; as such, I shall be proud to acknowledge his no less esteemed preceptor.'

"A reception so flattering," continued Ferdinand, "was a recompence for all I had suffered. The Marchese introduced

me

me to his family. His lady, I found one of the most amiable of women; her daughter, the counterpart of her respected mother, and need I say, as beautiful as she is engaging; but their son—what he was, however, is no more to be remembered. In the hey-day of boyish spirits, and associating with companions and connexions (unknown to his parents), by whom he was rather led away, more from a youthful vanity of emulating their extravagance, than from any fixed habits of dissipation, it was not to be wondered at, if the evil was engendered, before a knowledge of his pursuits admitted the opportunity of repelling them. From the moment of my introduction, I became, properly speaking, one of the family, as the kind Marchese and his Lady insisted on my taking up a residence at their palazzo, to do which, though I at first felt a little embarrassed, I could not, after their generous friendship, decline, without betraying more pride than gratitude by a

refusal; yet, not intending to remain inactive, before I complied with their invitation, and indeed, to remove the possibility of my situation, or future pursuits, being misunderstood, and perhaps hereafter giving offence, I informed them it was my intention and wish to obtain a private tutorship. From the Marchese's reply, I presume he understood my meaning. 'Well, well, Sylvester,' said he, 'we shall think about it; I know what your intentions are as well as yourself; but that's no obstacle to your present compliance with your friends' wishes.'

"I had nothing more to say," added the narrator, "and therefore from that day was an inmate of the palazzo. Here I learned, with all the aggravations of distress, that the exalted minds of his parents so acutely felt the unhappy dereliction of their only son, which they themselves had but lately come to the knowledge of, and to which, while their sentiments of rectitude and virtue forbade them

them being wilfully blind, their affection and tenderness equally repelled any harsh measures for reclaiming him. Not to be prolix, after some hesitations of delicacy on the part of the Marchese and Marchesa, for asking me to undertake so unpropitious a charge, I was appointed, as his Excellenza pleased to designate me, the Mentor of their son. I fortunately, (and to say truth, it was the happiest forerunner of our hopes) I fortunately pleased the Signor Leonato di Giornata, and we became the best of friends. My first measure was to enter with him into the society of his dissolute companions, whose characters I easily developed; a set of deliberate sharpers, and unprincipled courtezans, supporting an appearance of consequence by the pilfer of every inexperienced wealthy youth they could entangle in their snares. It was no very difficult task to recall the wandering senses of my pupil, when once his eyes were opened to the infamous plans laid for his destruc-

tion; but the discovery of his own blind infatuation, and the baseness of his former bosom friends, together with the immense debts he had contracted, and the fear of his father's indignation, operated most powerfully on his mind, and, in the conflict, occasioned a severe and tedious indisposition, which, however, as it terminated without any dangerous consequences, proved another happy circumstance towards finally reclaiming him. On his recovery, he threw himself at his father's feet, confessed his late errors, and solemnly abjured them for ever. He was forgiven, without even a word of reproach, and his debts all paid, except those peculiarly denominated *debts of honour*, which fashionable gamesters contract with fashionable sharpers, at the expence of every sentiment that could justify the appellation."

"Honour!" impetuously interrupted Sir Thomas. "How dares an unprincipled profligate affix the term, whose companions

panions at the gambling-table are the midnight plunderer, and the public assassin; who, while he insolently denies access to the *plebean rascal* of an honest tradesman, to whose industry his family at home owe their common support, meets at the same hour, perhaps, the mortgagee of his estate, and raises more *thousands* for the payment of his last night's *debt of honour*, and ere long, probably sends his brains after them with the trigger of his own pistol, when his means no longer give him footing at the rendezvous of iniquity, or maintain *immaculate* his *honour!* O, prostitution of the word," added the indignant Baronet, "when the titled gamester sinks far below the scoundrel with whom he associates!"

"In the house of this charming family," went on Ferdinand in his narration, "I resided more than three years, and had the pleasure to witness the happy reformation in Signor Leonato's character, which exalted him as much above

what he had been, as he was still inferior to what he now is, by which he became at once the happiness of his relatives, and an ornament to his illustrious house. He was now of an age and experience to conduct himself, and I considered my attendance on him no longer necessary. I was the first, therefore, to propose resigning my charge, conceiving that otherwise I should hold a sinecure. Leonato expressed a desire to visit many places in his own country, and afterwards extend his views through France, to which a willing assent was given by his parents, and a splendid establishment allotted him. The Marchese, however, hinted to me his wish that I should accompany his son; but I was of opinion, that by doing so, I should probably give him a suspicion his stability was yet doubted, and that I was placed as a spy on his actions: this by no means accorded with my own feelings, or shewed a proper dependence in him; and it was more generous he should be left free

free from all appearance of restraint. The observation was allowed to be just, and the father remained satisfied, that the rectitude of his morals was not again to be shaken. Having, by the munificence of the Marchese, realized a sufficiency to enable me to gratify the desire I had of extending my knowledge of Europe, I purposed roving about some time, before I entered into any other engagement; but on mentioning my removal, it was strenuously opposed both by the Marchese and his Lady, as well as Signora Antonietta, who protested against every thing of the sort; and in fact, so absolute were they to detain me entirely with them, that I was for some time debating within myself how I could evade their friendly solicitations, without the implication of ingratitude. While my heart and my judgment alternately wavered in a decision, my happy stars once more befriended me, by bringing me to the acquaintance of our worthy Mr. Millbank, who became

came desirous of placing under my care a juvenile relation, his nephew, and his offers were as liberal as his manners were frank, and his friendship sincere. Our mutual liking increased at every meeting; and from the moment he mentioned Ireland as his place of residence, I found my ideas irresistibly impelled towards that country. The Marchese, who objected to my quitting his protection for any other even *in* Italy, was of course still more averse to my removal to such a distance; and in short, I was obliged to make my congée by letter, as I had not resolution personally to oppose his generous solicitations, or advance any argument, that I was aware would be ineffectual; for to say, did I remain under his hospitable roof, I must consider myself a dependant, would have been to injure his friendship, and deliberately insult the feelings of my noble friends; yet I could look on myself in no other point of view, and though honoured with *their* esteem, should still be

be sensible to a deficiency of *my own*. With Mr. Millbank, therefore, I came to Ireland, where my engagement with him was likewise cancelled, by an event I need not repeat; but his friendship remained unabated, and through it, I was honoured with the notice of my inestimable benefactor, Sir Thomas O'Callaghan. What the result has been, I will not oppress his generous feelings by recapitulating, nor indeed, could I do justice to my own, by any attempt to express them."

"Upon my word," said the Baronet, "I should have felt it a severe reflection on my discernment, had I been less sensible to your merits, Ferdinand, than your other friends; nor do I think it any violent exertion of my penetration, to have been able to discriminate as clearly: but I hate flattery as I hate the devil, so you were right in keeping back your eulogium, or I should begin to doubt the correctness of my judgment. Now do you know,"

know," continued he, smiling, "had I been the Marchese di Giornata, I should be confoundedly angry at the scurvy trick you played me, not that *I* can regret your having done so; and then so cavalierly to turn your back on the Marchesa and her beautiful daughter. O! thou insensible block of marble—had I been in your situation! but what signifies talking about it? to inhabit the house with such a girl, I would have forborn every other wish for ever."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Captain Sylvester.

"Really," cried Ferdinand, "I don't know how all this may end, Sir Thomas: the Lady Antonietta, I think, should be apprised of her conquest, that she may know how to——"

"To *venerate* it, perhaps you would say," hastily interrupted the Baronet. "None of your sarcasms, Mr. Ferdinand; I am not so cold as you have tacitly avowed yourself to be, by thirty degrees; that's

that's pretty nearly the difference of our years; and to let you into a secret, not only the lovely Antonietta herself, but the Marchese and Marchesa, are apprised of my sentiments for their daughter; and if I do not persuade to emigration, this nonpareil of beauty and amiability, why I'll give you leave to clap a fool's cap on my head, and know me ever after by the tinkle of its bells."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ferdinand; "can you possibly be serious, Sir Thomas?"

"Indeed," repeated Sir Thomas, with well-affected gravity; "and why not, young Sir? Let me tell you, whatever *you* may think of the matter, my *years*, on which I suppose you would insinuate my disappointment, are the best pretensions to my success; for if I were a younger man—whew!—I might go whistle for my chance."

"Well, Sir Thomas," said Ferdinand, "I wish you success with all my heart."

"Aye! though you even doubt it, as I can

I can perceive by the corner of your eye," replied the Baronet; "but I have not acquainted Ellen yet with my intention, though I dare to say it will be no disagreeable surprise to her."

"I am sure she will rejoice in any circumstance that contributes to *your* happiness," answered Ferdinand; "nor shall I anticipate your own disclosure to her of this one."

"That's just what I was going to caution you on," said Sir Thomas, "as I do not intend coming to an explanation till I have adjusted some other preliminaries."

"And in the meanwhile," said the elder Sylvester, who did not appear to give as much credit to the Baronet's words as his son, "I have some business to adjust in town, and must set about it before dinner."

"And I'll go out with you," rejoined Sir Thomas, "as I have something to say to you in private; besides I want to call at Sheffield's lodgings, to enquire whether he

he is returned from his country party yet; though I suppose if he was, we should see him here."

"His Lordship is as good a fellow as ever lived," remarked Ferdinand, "and as little vain of his rank as any young nobleman I ever met with."

"That is what truly stamps his consequence," replied the Baronet; "for I never saw a mushroom of quality, men or women, yet, that did not tarnish their honours with the insolence of their pride. A truly noble character disdains to pique himself on so casual an advantage, or because the chances of birth give him precedence in the world, to think he is to trample under-foot the humbler claimant of the world's unequal gifts. Lord Sheffield is indeed an unexceptionable character, in this, as I believe in every other instance; and I could not have a better proof of his judgment, than in his selection of our amiable Emily Millbank."

"It was always the wish of Mr. Millbank

bank that such an event should take place," said Ferdinand; "though the peculiar delicacy of his situation, from the time his Lordship became his ward, made him very tenacious on the subject. Lord Sheffield had seen Miss Millbank two or three times during his minority, and when she was at school in Dublin, as likewise when he was under the tuition of Doctor Clayfield. His father's death, and the termination of his minority, took place within the first year of your quitting Ireland, Sir Thomas, as Mr. Millbank's letters informed me, and he came immediately from Oxford to Millbank-Place, for the settlement of his Irish property, which that gentleman had the particular arrangement of; and here we are to suppose that the juvenile attachment was ripened into a more serious and lasting one."

"And I trust a happy one," replied Sir Thomas, "for they are worthy of each other; but allons donc, Sylvester. This son of your's would keep me prating all

all day, if my senses did not sometimes get a fillip from my recollection."

No sooner had the hall-door shut out the two old gentlemen, than Ferdinand, more impatient to see Miss O'Callaghan, and if possible, learn the true cause of her low spirits, than to examine the book of fate wherein was contained his future fortune, took a survey of the drawing-room, from the drawing-room examined the parlour, then peeped into the boudoir, and from thence investigated every winding of the garden. The object he searched for met not his eager view, and by the same unsuccessful range, he traced his steps back again till he reached the door of Ellen's dressing-room, at which he gently tapped, and the fair absentee presented herself to open it. She started at seeing who it was, and blushed with a degree of confusion, that would have appeared strange to him, did he not suspect it to arise from a different motive than the actual one.

"I have

"I have been seeking you, my dear Miss O'Callaghan," said he, "to offer you my arm in a turn through the garden; you are not well, nor in good spirits, and secluding yourself in your chamber will neither renovate those, nor contribute to restore your health. Come," he added, affecting a smile, "shew me you are not displeased at my officiousness, by accepting my services."

"I have had a bad head-ache all day," she answered, blushing yet deeper at the little deviation from truth, "and imagined an hour's repose would relieve it; but to prevent your thinking me offended by your friendly attention, I will accompany you; the air may be some service to me."

She put her arm through his, and they descended to the garden. A turn or two was taken in silence, Ellen hardly venturing to raise her looks from the ground, lest her companion should penetrate into her thoughts; yet those thoughts so confusedly

fusedly blended, that it would have required a supernatural agency to follow their track. Ferdinand laid his disengaged hand on her's that was through his arm.

"My dear Miss O'Callaghan," said he, with peculiar tenderness, "will you pardon the anxieties of friendship, if I presume to intimate mine, awakened from a doubt of your being perfectly happy?"

"Indeed I will," she answered; "but your kind interest makes you apprehensive without any cause, for I am not unhappy."

"It rejoices me to hear you say so," he replied, "as I confess, that from something your father said this morning, I was alarmed lest, notwithstanding his general philanthropy, he had overlooked the most material object towards his daughter's future peace and felicity; but I ask his pardon for a too hasty suspicion; I ought to have reflected that no concern

is

is so dear to his heart as what relates to her."

"He is the most indulgent—the best of fathers," rejoined Ellen; "even to the follies of his daughter he is generously kind—perhaps too much so." She sighed. His recent declaration in her favour gave energy to her words, while perhaps an apprehension of its being unavailing called forth the truant evidence of her heart's secret oppression.

They were again silent for some time, Sylvester deeply lost in thought, and Ellen, wishing to divert her mind by conversation, yet hardly knowing what subject to start. At length she said, "May I ask Mr. Sylvester, whether the important packet is to be opened this evening? for I avow, that my curiosity to know its contents is as ardent as was ever any daughter of Eve's?"

"Not so is mine," replied Ferdinand. "I shall experience no happiness from its prosperous

prosperous disclosure—no disappointment from the reverse. The horizon of my youth was shadowed by mystery and difficulties, and the opening prospect presents a disaster that may for ever obscure its brightness."

"On the contrary," said Ellen, "I think it wears every favourable appearance; for if the words of a penitent offender are to be credited—and why should they not?—your claims in life are of a superior nature, and their establishment as certain."

"Except on my father's account," said Sylvester, "I have no ambition to certify them. A few hours have indeed damped the ardour of my hopes, by frustrating my dearest one."

"You are inexplicable," observed Ellen.

"So I have long been," rejoined Ferdinand, "and so perhaps I must ever remain, by my situation in life, however improved. A few hours ago, and I confess the bright sunshine that beamed on

my existence raised my ideas to the highest pitch of mortal felicity. Those few hours have destroyed the cherished illusion, and no worldly aggrandizement can compensate for its overthrow."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ellen, forgetting her own immediate concerns in the attention to his; "you alarm me, Sylvester—your looks—your manner, and words, bespeak despondency—what calamity has so recently occurred to create it? Surely it cannot be that——"

Ellen faltered and hesitated; when Sylvester impatiently asked, "What would Miss O'Callaghan's unfinished sentence imply?"

"An apprehension," resumed she, timidly, "that—that your disappointment—your—your gloomy presages have their source in a person you once particularly alluded to."

"Neither are you in error," he replied, catching at her meaning. "Long, very long have I cherished at my heart an affection

affection for one of the most artless, lovely, and perfect of your sex; nor had I the power, or even the wish, to repel it, though conscious the loved object was far beyond my reach; yet I had sufficient resolution to conceal the secret in the bosom that nourished it. It is now interwoven with my existence; one can cease but with the other. If last night's astonishing events floated into my wandering thoughts, visionary possibilities and airy hopes! what must be my despondence to-day, that I have every reason to believe them for ever annihilated!"

The tone of voice with which these words were uttered, the dejected look that accompanied them, gave to Ellen's sensibility a pang more acute than she had ever before felt. All self-consideration was forgotten; Sylvester was wretched; but that she was not the cause of it, she could now be certain; and in the sudden impulse of her thoughts she as hastily exclaimed, "The lady is married! then in-

deed can you experience little happiness from worldly honours."

Ellen spoke from her own feelings, and her manner was as impressive as her words were energetic. She blushed through a consciousness of their being so; but her embarrassment was unnoticed by Sylvester, who replied to her observation—

"She is not yet married, though how soon she may be, I know not. I can only say, that there is every probability of such an event being in contemplation."

"And why," cried Ellen, "why not ascertain your hopes, before they are lost for ever?"

"Dare I, Miss O'Callaghan," said he, "dare I have the temerity to advance between an assuredly superior, and probably a favoured rival, while yet my temporal concerns are undecided?"

"If they can bias her inclinations," answered Ellen, "be she whom she may, she is unworthy of your affections, and

if

if they cannot, this is the only moment to prove it, while yet you can present yourself with honour. By the information you have, I presume the lady is in Florence?"

Without replying to the latter interrogation, Sylvester, who appeared strongly agitated, said, "And should my presumptuous attempt be repulsed with disdain, O Miss O'Callaghan, how dreadful to me would be her resentment! I could with more fortitude hear of her happiness as a wife, than bear her contempt. *That*, not all my boasted philosophy could patiently endure."

"You are acquainted with the lady's disposition," said Ellen, "and therefore more competent to judge what might be the result, whether it favoured or rejected your suit; yet I can hardly suppose, that a person so peculiarly distinguished by you, could be otherwise than amiable in all situations."

Ellen had, during this dialogue, taken a seat on a bench in an alcove, and Sylvester, whose actions expressed irresolution and apprehension, occasionally seated himself beside her, or with quick and uneven steps, paced the little path in front. As she concluded her last sentence, he rushed from the bower, and as suddenly re-entered it, when, with as rapid a movement, he was at her feet, both her hands clasped in his, as with a hurried and unsteady voice, he exclaimed, "Ellen, you have overset the prudential reasonings of my judgment, the guard that for three years has carefully sealed my lips, and tenaciously directed my conduct. If at this moment I avow *you* to be the worshipped object of my eternal affections, drive me not from your presence in resentment, but act yourself as you would another should have done."

Ellen had no longer power to act as herself, or as any other person. Her head

head fell on the shoulder of Sylvester—her face was a deadly white, and she scarcely gave symptoms of respiration.

"Ellen! beloved, adored Ellen!" exclaimed the kneeling lover, as he supported her with one arm round her waist, the other holding her cold nerveless hand. Yet many an ardent lover may here be apt to doubt Sylvester's enthusiastic passion, when we say, that holding his nearly inanimate love to his breast, her beauteous face close to his, he never once presumed to approach his lips to her, or take advantage of her insensibility, by attempting a liberty he would not dare offer at any other moment.

Ellen raised her head from where it had reclined, and the object that met her eye, as she looked above his shoulder, was her father, who, standing at the entrance of the alcove, was intently viewing the interesting scene within it. Confused—bewildered—her senses not yet recovered from their astonishment, and hardly credit-

ing the unexpected happiness that had entranced them, no sooner had she encountered her father's looks, than bounding from the embrace of Sylvester, she was rushing from the alcove as the Baronet caught her in his, and prevented her further flight. She hid her burning face on his bosom—"My father, my dearest father," she softly whispered, as she clung with her arms round his neck for support and refuge.

Sylvester in the meanwhile had resumed his feet; and though we cannot say he looked like a culprit who had been caught in the fact, yet he certainly displayed less of the philosopher, than his accustomed appearance bespoke; but he neither trembled like a criminal, nor faltered like a fool, when Sir Thomas, with one of his wise faces, that presented more gravity than he either felt or wished to feel (for he enjoyed the scene in his sleeve), with an air of importance addressed Ferdinand by, "Well, Mr. Sylvester,

ter, and what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing in extenuation of my conduct, Sir Thomas," he firmly, but respectfully replied. "To attempt it, would be an insult to you, and no less a degradation to Miss O'Callaghan than to myself."

"Then, Sir," said the Baronet, "I am to understand by your reply, that having avowed yourself the lover of and to Miss O'Callaghan, you will not eat your words in presence of her father?"

"In presence of no man, Sir Thomas," he answered; "for though it is in your power, and may be your wish to punish me for my temerity, I glory in the avowal of an affection that does honour to my head and my heart."

"Had we not better go into the house, my dear father?" said the still trembling Ellen, who, however, wished, while she feared, to prolong this eventful meeting.

"We will re-enter the alcove," re-

turned the Baronet, leading her at the same time forwards. "I must follow up this strange subject before we separate."

They sat down; Ellen at one side of Sir Thomas, resting her head on his shoulder, and Sylvester at the other, silently awaiting a verdict, that he apprehended would doom his future days to wretchedness.

"Have you considered, Mr. Sylvester," resumed the Baronet, "who Miss O'Callaghan is, and what are her pretensions?"

"I am fully aware of them, Sir Thomas," he replied. "Miss O'Callaghan, independant of every other advantage, is my superior in fortune; and should *mine* present no better aspect than its present one, I can have nothing to offer her, but a heart tenderly and affectionately devoted to her, that I am not vain enough to flatter myself, under present circumstances, *she* would condescend to accept, or that *you* would approve. In that case,

my

my only hope is, that she meet through life the happiness she so pre-eminently deserves; and with your forgiveness, and her's, for having imprudently betrayed my own secret, I shall become a self exile, and never again intrude myself in the presence of friends so dear, so respected, and so beloved."

"Miss O'Callaghan, I imagine," said the Baronet, "has neither accepted nor rejected your offering. I do not command her feelings, though I may her obedience, and she is at liberty to speak her sentiments."

"O, my dearest father," faintly articulated poor Ellen.

"Come, Ellen," proceeded Sir Thomas, "Mr. Sylvester has offered you his heart; what have you to bestow in return for the gift?"

Sylvester looked at the Baronet. He thought him satirical, and a momentary flash of offended pride shot across his face.

"Sir Thomas," he firmly pronounced, "if, guided by the unconquerable destiny that attends our lives, or impelled by the uncontroulable feelings that govern our senses, my affections have too apparently decreed my misery, can you sport with feelings already too deeply implicated for my peace?"

"Certainly not," answered the Baronet; "but I have asked Ellen a question, and must *entreat* of her to reply to it."

"O! my father, do not insist on it," she imploringly whispered to him. "I cannot—indeed I cannot—you know."

"I know!" he repeated aloud. "I know, that when any person refuses giving an answer of some kind, we are left to form our own conjectures; and if a young lady perseveres in silence, when she is requested to reply on a subject of the heart, it is a tacit avowal that she does not dislike the lover; for if she did, there would be tears, expostulations, remonstrances, and a thousand other *et ceteras*

ceteras resorted to; now this not being the case at present, I shall take upon me to deliver *your* sentiments in a few words. 'If I had your permission, my dear father, I should acknowledge that I think Mr. Sylvester deserving my approbation; but without your sanction to it, I would not dare encourage hopes that might incur your displeasure and resentment.' Am I right, Ellen? What, still silent! then I'm sure I can't be wrong. Now having supposed you said so, here is my answer. 'Ellen, the predominant wish of my soul, on this side the grave, is to see you in the protection of a man of honour, a man of sense, and a man who, chosen by your own heart, and you by his, gives promise of making you a happy wife. Fortune can be no object, where your own is so ample; and titles I consider as chance advantages, which may be purchased, and are therefore of less consideration; not that if a certain person could place a coronet on your head, I am apt to believe

you would shrink from the weight of its honours. However, whether he ever does or not, I care but little, as my brows will not be encumbered by it.' Thus replying to your tacit avowal, my Ellen," continued he, taking a hand of her's, and another of Sylvester's, " with my full consent and approbation, I sanction your mutual attachment, and thus join your hands, to ratify my act and deed," which he did, adding, " and may the blessing my lips pronounce, and my heart bestows, accompany you both through life!"

Sylvester—but it would be impossible to speak what he felt, or pourtray his looks—and Ellen, though anticipating in some degree this *denouement*, yet it arrived so suddenly, that her mind was not prepared to meet it with composure.

Her father, who saw and pitied her agitation, said, " Retire to your chamber now, my love; collect your spirits, and recover your tranquillity, for we cannot dispense

dispense with your company at our evening's meeting. You know there are many great discoveries in expectation; and though there should be some disappointment attending the grand climax, yet we are still as we are; and if we are not contented, we justly deserve to be miserable. Sylvester remains here with me, lest, did he undertake conducting you to the garden-gate, he might *perchance* lose his way in the *maze*. And mind what I say, both of you; no particular attention or assiduities this evening; I must have my own way, for I am an odd fellow at times, and besides you'll have time enough to play the fool together, for *Miss O'Callaghan* shall return to Princely Hall. Don't look so blank, Sylvester; I expect we shall be there within the ensuing twelvemonth."

"Then permit me to attend her now to the garden-gate," said Sylvester, "and I promise not to lose myself, nor prolong my return to you. Our dear young friend,

friend, you know, is not quite well, and requires some support."

"Well well, go then," cried the Baronet, "and I give you a minute and a half to be back again."

Sylvester flew to avail himself of the permission; neither he nor Ellen spoke till they reached the little nominated barrier, when, still holding her hand, he softly pronounced, "Say, my adored Ellen, that this precious gift of the dearest of parents is followed by the concurrence of your own invaluable heart?"

She smiled, with so sweet an affection beaming from her half-upraised eyes, as would have convinced him of it equally to a volume of protestations; but withdrawing her hand from his, "My father gave it, Sylvester," said she, "and I ratify his gift, by again presenting it to you," which she did, and he rapturously kissed it.

"My own Ellen!" he exclaimed; but

but had time to add no more, as she hastily disengaging herself from his hold, retired precipitately towards the house, and he returned to join the good old Baronet in the alcove.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

It is not to be supposed that Ellen, with all her magnanimity, or Ferdinand, with his stock of philosophy, felt themselves so perfectly disembarrassed since their recent scene in the garden, as to be able to interest their thoughts towards any other subject at present; yet that scene so quickly following the Baronet's explanation with his daughter, left no obstacle to proceeding in the grand discovery. When Sir Thomas requested a private conference with Captain Sylvester, it was for the intent and purpose of letting him into a secret, of which, before he spoke three words, the Baronet found was no secret at

all

all to him, as his own observations had already discovered what Ellen and Ferdinand thought nobody knew but themselves. Sir Thomas replied to Captain Sylvester's penetration by one of his sagacious whistles, and then briefly proceeded to state his own former and present opinion on the subject, subjoining these to a request, that a day or two's grace might be given him, till he could delicately manage a full explanation of the business. The concurrence of both fathers met each other's more than half way; but Sir Thomas was invested with full powers to arrange the affair agreeably to his own wishes; therefore, having nothing further to discuss, the two gentlemen parted, and the Baronet repaired to the lodgings of Lord Sheffield; there he learned that his Lordship was not yet arrived in town, but expected by the dinner hour, when he left a message, inviting him to join his party, and returned home. This return proved fortunate; for learning that Ellen and

Ferdinand

Ferdinand had walked into the garden, he followed them thither, without any immediate design, and chance accelerated his wishes, in a manner most unlooked for, and in a way that excluded all previous forms. This point being settled to the satisfaction of all parties, there was nothing further to oppose the opening of the eventful packet; but as it was naturally concluded that the young lady and gentleman's nerves were not quite tranquillized to give it present attention, they agreed to defer its reading to the next day, and as Lord Sheffield was considered as one of their party, to inform him what had taken place since his absence, for the better elucidating what was to come. His Lordship appeared just as the Baronet and his friends sat down to table, and in the evening, when Ellen had withdrawn (who was shortly after followed by Ferdinand) the late transactions were made known to him. With the most unbounded satisfaction did he learn the happiness of Ferdinand

dinand Sylvester, and the prospects of his superior fortunes.

"If," he exclaimed, "(as pray Heaven it may be so) the impending develloperment gives to our young friend that rank in life he so pre-eminently merits, I shall hope to be placed within his sphere, and follow the track of so bright an ornament to nobility."

"I never doubted the correctness of your judgment, Lord Sheffield," said the Baronet, "or the goodness of your understanding; yet, though I even had, your present observation would have been a sufficient proof of my error. You are somewhat a younger man than Ferdinand Sylvester; you are the first favourite of an old friend of mine, and I *believe* not the *last* with a young one of Ellen's, therefore must be certain that, independant of yourself, I should, from those causes alone, highly esteem you; and, were you my own son, Sheffield, the surest way to preserve my favour would be by forming

forming your character on the principles of one so eminently entitled to our respect, and deserving of imitation."

"At least," replied his Lordship, "though with all my endeavours I never can be the prototype of Ferdinand Slyvester, I am fully assured that I shall make him my model, for it is long since that I have learned to estimate his good qualities by the opinion of Mr. Millbank, before I became personally acquainted with himself; nor can I believe, Baronet, that our old friend would burthen you with the acquaintance of my foolish Lordship, had it not been in the expectation that I should be benefited by your's, and the society of your inmate's."

"I never pay compliments," said Sir Thomas, smiling, "and therefore, all I shall say is, that I don't think you'll dishonour the peerage."

The following day being agreed on to open the packet, our party met at breakfast, which having concluded, Ferdinand presented

presented to his father the volume of their destiny, by whom its seals were broken, when he returned it into the hands of his son, and delegated him the reader. The attention of every person present was drawn into one focus; and all with palpitating hearts awaited the important contents, which Ferdinand, with a clear and audible voice, proceeded to make known.

PACKET,

To be delivered into the hands of the person commonly known by the name of Adolphus Sylvester, late Captain in the — regiment of foot, belonging to his Britannic Majesty; or who if not forthcoming within the term of seven years from its date, to be opened for the use of his son, Ferdinand Sylvester, or *his* heirs.

" Don Juan de Castalia, a grandee of Spain, residing in the city of Madrid, was a nobleman of the first distinction. To the national pride of the Spaniard, he joined an hereditary haughtiness of character, that was cherished by the

the influence he held at court, and his power as a supreme judge of the inquisition; which together made him as much feared by his inferiors as he was flattered and caressed by his equals. He married a lady descended from royal blood, whose predominant trait was a bigoted fanaticism for the religion she professed, which led her to believe salvation was endangered by connecting or associating with those out of its pale. Two children were the fruits of this union, a boy and a girl; the former, born first, inherited by nature his mother's opinions and father's haughtiness; but the latter, three years younger, shewed, from her earliest age, a happy medium between the two characters. This daughter was named Isabella, after an aunt of her's, a younger sister of Don Juan, who, from the moment of its birth, evinced towards her infant relative a lively affection, that progressively increased with her years, and never knew any change. This lady had herself but attained

attained the age of twelve at the birth of her niece, and before she had completed her twentieth, was a wife and a widow. She had married Don Antonio de Gonsalvez, her equal in rank, and a nobleman little inferior to his brother-in-law in power. His fortunes were considerable, and at his death the greater portion of them devolved to his lady, without any restriction or limitations. They had been affectionately attached to each other, and without exhibiting any absurd affectation of grief, the youthful widow mourned her loss with sincerity: though in the full bloom of life, with beauty and wealth to engage a train of suitors, she evinced her respect for Don Antonio's memory, by never making a second choice. From the period of her widowhood, the young Isabella became the sole object of her love; nor was she happy but when permitted the society of her beloved niece. Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez was as affable in her manners, and as little the slave of reli-

gious prejudices, as her brother and his lady were the reverse; and probably, unless on her niece's account, she had preserved no great intimacy with this part of her family, as Don Juan was no favourite with her, and his wife she more than disliked; their son Alonzo, her nephew, was yet a greater object of her disapprobation; yet for the sake of Isabella, she suffered policy to guide her conduct, and rather courted than shunned their society. This lady's usual residence was just without and adjoining the city of Madrid, where she was sometimes indulged with the company of her little favourite for months together; but it was not with the concurrence of Donna Constantia de Castalia that those visits were allowed. The mother dreaded the effects of so strong an intimacy with a person whose religious zeal bore so little proportion to her own; and would have conceived it an act of piety to dissolve a tie that threatened to obstruct those rigid principles she so zealously

lously wished to inculcate in her daughter: but to do this she had not the power; for Don Juan, though nearly as warm a devotee as his lady, had nevertheless his views towards temporal advantage and honour; and conceiving that his sister's enthusiastic love for their daughter would by no means tend to injure her worldly concerns, he would allow of no attempts to interrupt or diminish the affectionate intercourse. The young Isabella, therefore, reciprocally attached to her adoring aunt, was suffered to be always at her commands, though, as she increased in understanding, every care was taken by her mother and her confessor to impress on her mind their austere doctrines. Yet the youthful Isabella could not reconcile to herself the implicit adoption of a faith, that shut out every other from the mercy so universally hoped for. She could not persuade herself that a just God limited his love to a certain description of his

creatures, or that those who humbly sought to know his will, should be exempted from his favour, because their honest judgments went astray. Isabella could give credit to no such doctrines; and as frequently as they were recommended to her, took the first opportunity of repeating them to her aunt, who always referred the enquirer to her own confessor, a man of truly pious principles, and philanthropic disposition. Donna Isabella never attempted, by advancing any opinion of her own, to refute the doctrines of her sister-in-law, or bias her niece's mind against their belief; but she evinced a tacit disapprobation of them, by a religious adherence to the more enlightened forms of her persuasion, and a decided contempt of its absurd and uncharitable prejudices. The venerable confessor of Donna Isabella was less reserved; he delivered his sentiments without restrainst, and in mild, yet strenuous accents, declared against those

those that tended ultimately to condemn the greater portion of mankind*. Isabella was a convert to principles so congenial to her own, and on their foundation did she establish her religious duties, from which she never swerved; but she was cautious not to betray her opinions, lest the consequences should be an interdiction against the company of her aunt. Before Isabella had attained her seventeenth year, her extraordinary beauty became a theme of general conversation; and whenever she appeared abroad, crowds followed, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of her face from beneath the envious veil that shaded it. She was, when fully formed, majestically tall. Dignity was in her every movement; nor could the most correct pencil do justice to her features. The dark tint of her complexion might perhaps be said to militate against the perfec-

 tion

* This liberality on the part of a Spanish confessor, almost surpasses belief; but "Le vrai est quelques fois peu vrais emblable."

tion of her beauty; but the lustre of her full black eyes, heightened by the carnation of her polished cheek, received an advantage from this circumstance, which a fairer hue could not have bestowed; yet notwithstanding her unrivalled personal charms, Isabella was as free from vanity as she was above the appearance of affected diffidence. The world's admiration told her she was beautiful, and she made no parade either to conceal or exhibit herself: her manners were as engaging as her person; and her mind, her heart, her disposition, and her temper, were richly deserving of so lovely an exterior. The first grandees of Spain contended for her favour; even those allied to the throne knelt at her feet: but Isabella disdained to barter her probity at the shrine of rank or wealth. She would not bestow her hand, where she could not surrender her affections; nor could the efforts of her ambitious parents, or haughty brother, sway her in its disposal. She derived no

pleasure

pleasure from having a crowd of lovers in her train, nor felt any triumph in her conquests; neither did she trifle with the peace of her suitors, but with uniform propriety declined their address, when a declaration of their sentiments admitted the opportunity of candidly avowing her own.

"Such was Isabella de Castalia, the glory of her friends—the almost worshipped object of her aunt's affections, who did not hesitate to declare, that having no children, her niece should be her heir.

"About this period, and at a time that Isabella was making a long visit to her beloved aunt, there appeared at the house of the latter, a young gentleman, most particularly and highly introduced by letters to her acquaintance; he was an Irishman of immense fortune, and greater expectations, only son to a nobleman of that country, and his name the Honourable Mr. Netterville."

"Netterville," hastily repeated Sir Thomas; "Netterville, did you say?"

"Yes," replied Ferdinand, "Netterville it is. Do *you* know any thing of the name, Sir Thomas?"

"Know!" again echoed the Baronet, "yes, and *well* too; but go on, I am impatient for the sequel."

"This gentleman," proceeded Ferdinand, reading, "this gentleman was a counterpart of the beauteous Isabella, and where two such attractive beings met each other free of any prior attachment, it is not to be wondered that a reciprocal affection should be the result. It proved so; and the tender bond that united them by a similarity of taste, sentiments, and disposition, was not to be weakened by parental authority, or severed, except by death. But Mr. Netterville, unfortunately, professed a religion, whose very denomination sounded as a passport to perdition in the ears of his lovely mistress's family; though

though not until their hearts were irrevocably exchanged, did this portentous obstacle to their hopes flash on the mind of Isabella, when the vivid enchantments of a youthful passion became suddenly clouded, by a conviction that her parents approbation would never sanction the apostate choice of her heart. Three months tender and delicate intercourse had gone over, in which time their mutual attachment was perceived and approved by Donna Isabella, to whom her niece looked up as to a tender mother; and guided by her approbation, she hesitated not to promise her lover that she would marry no other.

"The busy tongue of Rumour now began to spread about the attachment of Netterville and Isabella. *He* was the object to which many a bright eye had been directed, and to whom many a fair hand would have been joyfully extended, although a foreigner and a protestant; but to every other female attraction he became

insensible, from the moment he beheld the arbitress of his fate, the lovely Isabella. Her charms had long rendered her an object of envy with her own sex, and the conquest of the captivating foreigner was not to be calmly overlooked by her *would-be* rivals. Her manifest dereliction from her faith, in encouraging the addresses of a heretic, was made the theme of ghostly animadversion, by those who, in a similar situation, would have joyfully embraced the error: and at length, with all the aggravations malevolence could attach to the report, it reached the ears of Isabella's parents. Thunder-struck, or rather horror-struck, she was instantly remanded home by them, even while Donna Constantia trembled, lest the roof of the house should fall as her daughter entered it. Isabella obeyed the summons with a palpitating heart; she too well surmised the cause of it, and accompanied by her aunt, presented herself before her parents. The scene that followed may

may be better conceived than described. Isabella avowed the sentiments professed for her by Mr. Netterville; but evaded a direct reply, respecting her own, as she waited the moment when he would personally come forward to make his proposals, when by their reception, she would be better qualified to judge what she should do. To say Donna Constantia's religious fervour was shocked at the daring pretensions of an impious disbeliever, would be saying little. Had a legion of furies been let loose on her, she could not have prayed more fervently for her emancipation from them, than she did to be preserved from the snares of this artful heretic. She raved, inveighed, and prayed; in this she was assisted by her equally infatuated son; and it was only the peremptory commands of Don Juan, that could prevent her anticipating Mr. Netterville's intentions, by an insulting message. Don Juan had yet sense enough to see, that such a proceeding would inevitably

vitably embroil him with a person who, hitherto at least, had not derogated from the character of a gentleman: but as poor Isabella was considered the ostensible person, on her head fell the full weight of their resentment. Her aunt was very laconically desired to quit the house, and never to re-enter it—a mandate that she waited not a second time to hear repeated; but with peculiar ceremony made her exit, not attempting to take any particular leave of Isabella. The unfortunate Isabella, after being compelled to listen to the bitter invectives levelled against Netterville, heard the decree that doomed herself, unless by penitence she made restitution for the horrible impiety of which she had been guilty, in suffering the seductive advances of a vile contemner of the faith.

"Against these severe reflections, the threats of placing her in a convent for life, as an expiation of her offence to Heaven, and the cruel taunts of her brother, who,

who, exclusive of his bigotry, was jealous of her interest with their aunt, poor Isabella had nothing to offer in her defence; yet she still indulged the possibility of her lover's being able to mitigate these unjust prejudices, or perhaps of his adopting the most certain means of conciliating their favour.

"What Mr. Netterville *might* have done, had his reception from the family been such as his station in life was entitled, and his deportment as certainly merited, it is impossible to say. The expedient was never tried. He appeared, the day after Isabella's return home, at the mansion of her father, notwithstanding that from the report of his friend, the Donna, her aunt, he had little or no hopes of success; yet still determined on making the trial. His lovely mistress was, however, safe from his view, a close prisoner in her own apartment, committed to the charge of an austere morose duenna.

"Mr.

"Mr. Netterville's suit was in vain—his proposals were rejected with contempt—his noble offers of settlements disdained; and his religion, the bane to his wishes, arraigned with all the acrimony of fanatic fury. He therefore fled the house, disgusted, indignant, and so justly incensed, that nothing short of his fears for Isabella prevented him from expressing his resentment in a far more serious manner than by silent contempt; but he dreaded lest she might become the victim of any violent measures, and on her account suspended for the moment the pursuit of any further steps on the subject.

"The confinement of Isabella was daily and hourly rendered more disagreeable, by the repeated insults of her brother, and the reproaches of Donna Constantia, by whom she understood that her imprisonment was to last as long as Mr. Netterville remained in the country; and even then, it remained yet undecided,

whether

whether she was not to enter a convent. Indeed, to speak the truth, the rigour she was treated with far exceeded the offence, and the illiberal taunts of her mother and brother, at once cruel and unnatural; except these, the confessor of the former, and the old deputed abigail, were the only persons allowed to enter her apartment, from which she was never suffered to remove, even to take the air in the garden. The only request Isabella made, was for permission to see, or write to her aunt; but this trifling demand, that in any shape could be combined with no sinister designs, since the meeting might be restricted to the presence of the family, or the writing be under their inspection, was not only peremptorily denied, but made the plea for further restraint; and poor Isabella not only heard her solicitation rejected, but underwent the accusation of its being connected with some artful plan; and to increase her distress, was told, that not only now, but hereafter, all connection

or

or correspondence between her aunt and her was totally at an end. How Isabella received this unkind and cruel decree, only her own heart that felt it, could rightly tell; yet she never murmured at these violent proceedings, or mentioned the name of Netterville. She was mildly amenable to the directions of her ghostly father, who, notwithstanding he was invested with full powers to exercise over her the most rigorous authority, had neither the inclination, nor the necessity to adopt such severe measures as the family wished him to do; he could only admonish and advise, for Isabella shewed no appearance of her religious principles being shaken; therefore, on that head, the ghostly director had nothing to reprove.

"Four months thus passed over, when a report prevailed of Mr. Netterville's having quitted Madrid, in extreme indignation at the persevering cruelty of Isabella's parents to her; that the son, he considered as beneath his resentment, or

chastisement,

chastisement, being but a boy, under the dominion of pride and priestcraft, and the type of a weak and bigotted mother. As Mr. Netterville was never known to have employed any direct or indirect stratagems to communicate with his encaged mistress, it was presumed that he had resigned all thoughts of her, and, indeed, of this his departure was an indubitable testimony; that he was positively gone, admitted not a doubt; yet, not till three months after his departure had been fully ascertained, was Isabella permitted to quit her chamber, and even then, only as caprice dictated, either for a walk in an extensive garden behind the mansion, or, perhaps in condescension that she should appear at dinner, without either speaking, or been spoken to; she withdrew to her apartment immediately after it, where she was invariably locked in by the duenna.

"At length Isabella was informed by her parents, after a prudential remark on their own goodness, in giving her the liberty

liberty of choice, that she had the alternative of either marrying a certain grandee, who formerly proposed himself for her, and had again renewed his solicitations, notwithstanding her delinquency, or take the veil; to deliberate on which she was allowed three months, but to believe that this determination was irrefragable. Isabella attended to this decree, with the same passive respect she had hitherto observed; it did not appear to alarm, or disconcert her, but on the contrary, as if only a confirmation of what she expected. The result proved, however, that when all parental kindness was thrown off, there were no longer any filial obligations of duty to be observed.

"Just at this period, Don Alonzo, her brother, went to Seville, to take possession of a property left him by some relation, and he departed without Isabella's receiving the *honour* of his adieu; however, we must suppose, that whatever pique she might feel at this deliberate neglect of

of her, it was amply compensated by the pleasure she experienced at his departure. From Mr. Netterville, nothing further could be apprehended, as it was nearly ten months since his dismissal, and above five since his departure from Madrid.

"Don Alonzo had been about a fortnight arrived in Seville, when one memorable morning, Isabella's appearance below was unusually prolonged. The duenna was summoned to enquire into the cause; but it was found that she had not yet quitted her bed, and was so fast asleep, she could not be awoke. The key of Isabella's apartment, which she always secured under her head, was therefore ordered to be taken by one of Donna Constantia's women, who, as it was so very late in the day, was to hasten with her young lady's breakfast. The woman found the key where it was deposited; but instantly returned, consternation on her face, and terror trembling through her limbs.—Isabella was not to be found!

and

and so securely had she made her escape, that not a vestige could be traced of how or by what means she had effected it. She had taken nothing with her; not even the cloaths she wore the day before, which were thrown on her bed, that it was evident she had not that night lain in. The casements were secured within, the door double locked without; yet fled she was, though every place was still as strongly barricaded as the most jealous vigilance could wish.

"To describe the various passions that agitated the over-reached parents, would be impossible. Donna Constantia had not even power to pray, so convulsed was she with rage. Suspicion instantly attached to Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez, as being accessary to their daughter's elopement, and thither Don Juan immediately repaired; he found his sister's house shut up, and its only inhabitant an old woman, who could give no other account of her mistress, than that she, attended

by

by all her household, had been gone from thence upwards of six weeks, on a visit to her estates, which she generally made once every two or three years. Of these periodical visits, Don Juan knew, therefore was not surprised at this intelligence; but as his sister's estates were variously disposed, some at the extremity of Spain, and others nearer, to follow, without a direct clue for finding her, would be unavailing; besides, it was now very much to be doubted whether Donna Isabella had any share in the transaction or not. Don Alonzo was immediately written to, and desired to come home; and in the meanwhile, an examination took place amongst all the servants of the household, but without attaining any information: yet still suspicion attached itself to Mr. Netterville, although on the most diligent enquiry, it was made manifest that he quitted the place at the period before mentioned, and accompanied by every individual of his suite. Alonzo returned

returned home as speedily as possible, and more violent in his resentment, if possible, than was his mother: he was for immediately pursuing the fugitive to Ireland, whither it was conjectured she had fled; but ignorant as he was of the country, its laws, and language, this plan was objected to, and a more effective and revengeful one deliberately laid down. Alas, in the accomplishment of it, another person was called in, who but too successfully assisted its vengeance; but, before every thing was finally arranged for the commencement of this diabolical scheme, a singular occurrence took place, which at once put an end to doubt, and confirmed the truth of their suspicions. Amongst a number of other letters one day handed to Don Juan, was one in an unknown hand, in which, on opening, were read these words:—

'Your cruelty to an amiable and deserving daughter, has driven her

her from her paternal home; she has quitted it without regret, and without remorse. Isabella Netterville is safe from your power, or your resentment.'

" By whom, or how this billet was conveyed, no person could tell, because none of the domestics had made any particular observations, where so many passed through their hands; and it only served to convince the family, that there was a secret agent concerned; though to discover him, not all the subtility of the Inquisition could hope to succeed in. The whole transaction was, however, at a subsequent period, revealed; though here, perhaps, it may be as well to give a sketch of the general plan.—From the moment of Mr. Netterville's *first* and *last* interview with the family, Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez contrived, and by the aid of a confidential ally, successfully executed her scheme; not that her niece would have proceeded

proceeded to its extremes, was it not become evident to her, she had neither favour nor affection to expect in future from her parents; she therefore submitted herself to the direction of her only friend. This ally, whose integrity was as sacred as the promise he gave of being faithful to his trust, hired himself in the household of Don Juan; he found little difficulty in taking an impression in wax of the key that hung from the abigail's girdle, and as dexterously contrived to get that of an immense huge gate, at the extremity of the garden, which opened into a cross road, notwithstanding this key was latterly kept by Don Juan. By obtaining these, every thing else was in due time accomplished. Isabella had meetings with her lover and her aunt in the garden, when it was imagined she was securely locked in. At one of those nocturnal meetings, some weeks prior to Mr. Netterville's departure from Madrid, the venerable confessor of Donna Isabella

repeated

repeated over the lovers the ceremony of marriage, which, though not perfect in all its forms, was considered by them indissoluble; notwithstanding which, they were re-married twice afterwards, agreeable to the forms of France and Ireland.

"Mr. Netterville, however anxious he might be for the removal of his lovely bride, did not chuse to quit Madrid directly, as if it appeared he was in fear of Don Juan's family; he therefore kept his post a few months, in the style of a Prince, and contemplated the haughty Spaniard with the most sovereign contempt. When he thought fit to depart thence, he set out with his retinue, and proceeded towards France; but having gone a sufficient distance, he sent on his suite across the Pyrenees, with orders to wait his coming up at Saint Afrique, as he himself would coast along the gulph of Lyons from Roses. When his retinue was departed, Mr. Netterville, in a plain attire, and very unlike his former self,

took cross roads to a house of Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez, distant only three leagues from Madrid, but in a very retired situation, and likewise in a very decayed state, on which account, she seldom went near the place, but left it in charge of an old woman who had lived many years in her family, and on whom no person but Donna Isabella bestowed a thought. This old personage had a most invincible antipathy to the very name of the Inquisition; therefore was Mr. Netterville introduced here as a person who, having innocently incurred the displeasure of this awful tribunal, had, through Donna Isabella's contrivance, found means to elude its search, and was to be secreted here, till a favourable opportunity presented to escape from the country. This artifice succeeded; and while every person believed that the Pyrenees and gulph of Lyons divided him from Madrid, he was securely lodged within nine miles of it. Here, by a policy at once firm, and regularly

gularly supported, his plan was accomplished; and when Donna Isabella left town, under the pretence of visiting her domains, by a contrivance similar to that practised by Mr. Netterville, she disencumbered herself of her servants, and took up her abode in the same house; to which she afterwards brought her niece (who was unknown to its old inhabitant) as one of her own women, where they all remained in ambuscade till the immediate search after Isabella had been given over, and they could venture with less danger to quit the place, which, when they did, Netterville, disguised as a servant, hired at the nearest hotel a travelling chaise for a lady and her maid, under which characters they passed on leisurely, without suspicion of any kind. Donna Isabella accompanied them to the frontiers, and at parting, presented to her niece a curious ebony casket chased with gold, which was filled with jewels, and other articles of value; amongst the rest was a portrait of

Isabella, taken by a famous painter, that Mr. Netterville often wished for, but which the aunt delayed giving him till she had a copy taken from it for herself; it was labelled in the casket with *his* name, to shew it was exclusively a present to himself. Netterville and his Lady embarked at Roses, and landed safely at Beziers, from whence they proceeded to Saint Afrique. Here he rejoined his retinue, and here our fugitives were again united in the face of the world, but not by the name of Netterville, for here Isabella was made acquainted with an event that had but recently reached the knowledge of her husband, namely, the death of his father some months before, through which event he was no longer the Honourable Mr. Netterville, but Lord Duncarty, of Princely Hall, in the county Kildare, Ireland."

"Lord Duncarty!—Princely Hall!" exclaimed Ellen; "gracious Providence, what mystery is in this?"

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The packet trembled in Ferdinand's hand, and he laid it on the table.

"I repeat Miss O'Callaghan's words," said he, "what mystery is in this? or what connection can there be between my father's story, and the long-deceased Lord of Princely Hall?"

"I am much mistaken," replied Sir Thomas, who was in fact the only one in company that did not, more or less, shew some symptoms of surprise, "I am much mistaken if they be not found *intimately* connected: but continue—it will soon be explained to your satisfaction, I dare say."

"Was this Lord Duncarty your predecessor, Sir Thomas?" asked Lord Sheffield.

"No," replied the Baronet, "but he was a Netterville, and next in succession to the title, did his Lordship die without issue. Now, by a most singular and mysterious coincidence of eventful matters, notwithstanding his Lordship had a

legitimate son born, there was no person to claim the title; nor in truth had this Mr. Netterville an unequivocal right to the Princely Hall property; but held it rather in trust, than as its legal possessor. He enjoyed it but a very few years, and dying unmarried, with the name of Netterville the Duncarty title became extinct. I succeeded this gentleman in the Hall; yet I confess that for some years after, I was doubtful of my possession there, and therefore acted according to my conscience in the disposal of the rents: but when years and years rolled over, and I was still the undisturbed master, I had no longer any qualms; but," added he, with a most good-humoured smile, "I begin to think my doubts were not without foundation, and that I shall have a terrible long settlement to adjust with the right owner."

"I understand from old Connolly, Sir Thomas," said Ferdinand, "that you have considerably improved the estate, besides

sides enlarging the comforts of its tenants, by promoting their industry, and encouraging their labours; the balance, therefore, must be nearly equal; and though there should be found a nearer claimant, he must be very unworthy of succeeding you, if he does not think so."

"Succeeding me!" repeated the Baronet, "why he turns me out fairly and lawfully."

"Then would he be one of the most consummate rascals that ever disgraced society!" exclaimed Captain Sylvester; "and damn me if I would not be the first to stir up an insurrection among the tenants, and blow the scoundrel to the devil. What! Sir Thomas O'Callaghan, for years the happy master of a happy people, whose very name is a passport to their hearts, to think of disturbing him from so revered a spot, while Heaven, to benefit mankind, leaves him on earth its noblest ornament. No!—no!—no! for the honour of his ancestors, be this legal claim-

ant whom he may, I should hope he never meditated so severe a mortification to himself."

"My good friend," replied Sir Thomas, "right is right; and Heaven forbid I should oppose it, though I acknowledge, that the place in question is to me the most beloved spot on the habitable globe; and I also believe is so to my Ellen; but come, before we comment further on the business, let us get to the end of the story; we may be conjuring up one of old Connolly's enchanted knights to scare ourselves with, perhaps, instead of a substantial opponent; so proceed, Ferdinand, and let us hear *all* we have to dread."

Ferdinand took up the manuscript, and again proceeded in its contents as follows.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Continuation of the Packet.

"Pulchra Laverna———————
Da mihi fallere; da justum sanctumque videri;
Noctem peccatis, et fraudibus objice nubem."

HORACE.

"AND now," went on the manuscript, "the detailer of these events comes forward, not to deprecate the indignation that must justly follow the knowledge of his crimes, but in the hope of extenuating them in the sight of God, by this faithful confession, and his sincere contrition, and likewise to redress by it the deep injuries sustained by the innocent,

and to restore the rights so long concealed.—The confessor of Donna Constantia was a man of profound policy, and deep speculation; fond of worldly enjoyments, but carefully concealing his predilections under an appearance of the strictest sanctity. He resided in the family of Don Juan, and being well versed in the family characters, he flattered each foible and encouraged each peculiar humour; and by this means founded his own advantage, and acquired no trifling ascendancy in the house. This crafty divine had with him a young man his nephew, who was likewise destined for the service of the church; to qualify him for which, his parents, who were in a very respectable situation, thought it necessary to give him a superior education; he was therefore brought up at the college of Salamanca, where amongst other languages, he became tolerably acquainted with the English. While yet rather too young to take orders, he was left an orphan,

orphan, and by some family misfortunes, found himself a dependant on his uncle; but he still turned his thoughts to the clerical habit, (though all his better prospects were eclipsed) and was at an early age allowed to profess; and through the interest of his uncle obtained from Donna Constantia the reversion of a neighbouring priory. The present incumbent was an old infirm man, whose demise was every day expected, and not more wished for by the uncle than the nephew; the one to get rid of an encumbrance, the other to experience the blessings of independence. The prior, however, held out longer than was imagined, and the young priest was still obliged to be contented with a scanty meed, that but barely afforded him the common support of life.

"At this period, the transactions before related took place in Don Juan's family, and by them a new colouring was given to the fortunes of this mis-

guided young churchman. What the private consultations of the vindictive trio were, he knew not; but too soon he learned the part in it allotted to him, and alas, too readily did he enter into the undertaking. The guilty, unhappy narrator, now *Father Jeronome*, was by his uncle engaged to follow the steps of the fugitive Isabella, (to whom he was personally known), by a story purposely devised to gain her ear, and with prudence and caution, there was little doubt but he would succeed in his design; for as she was ignorant of the English language, his knowledge of it, and the circumstance of being her countryman, and an ecclesiastic, would make him a valuable acquisition to her, both as an interpreter and confessor. His mission *at present* was to faithfully transmit every occurrence worthy of note that took place in the Netterville family, and above all—O! how does the recollection of each dishonourable deed crimson with shame my furrowed cheek—to intercept

every letter to and from Spain. Not only my reward for this iniquitous business was to double the value of the conventual preferment I thus resigned, and my means for present use were more than ample to my undertaking, but my future benefits were to be encreased, in proportion to my services. Let me, however, pay *one* poor tribute of justice to myself; it is the only one I have to offer. I at first refused to take any part in this business; for though I did not absolutely consider my task to be of a criminal nature, yet it was the office of a spy and an informer, therefore dishonourable and debasing. My objections were overruled by the representations of Isabella's heinous offence to God, her religion, and her parents; exclusive of which, every prospect of my uncle's favour, and the Castalia patronage, threatened to desert me by a refusal; and dreading the extent of a power, whose resentment could crush its object to the earth, I consented to become—a villain.

"A few

"A few months after the flight of Isabella, I quitted Spain on my disgraceful embassy, and reaching in safety the metropolis of Ireland, found no difficulty in tracing my way to Princely Hall, in the vicinity of which, I soon learned that Lady Duncarty was the Mrs. Netterville I sought, being generally designated by the appellation of "the beautiful Spanish Lady." Here I commenced my operations, and addressed a memorial to her Ladyship, in her native tongue, stating myself to be her countryman, and an emigrant priest, who having been discovered in Spain with some prohibited English books in my possession, I had fled thence, through fear of the Inquisitorial power. Such were the material heads of my fabricated tale, which was delivered with such apparent truth, that every conjecture was verified, and she fell into the snare laid for her destruction. I was put upon the establishment of her household, and by my well-assumed integrity

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and circumspection, soon admitted to her confidence, and progressively obtained the highest esteem of her Lord. The only person with whom her Ladyship held any communication in Spain, was her aunt, and for fear of suspicion, I suffered the letters to pass for a time, though not until I had first made myself acquainted with their contents; but after a while, I intercepted them entirely, though they still went the same journey under a different address. Her continued silence to Lady Duncarty's epistles was at first a subject of surprise—next of apprehension, and at length, after letters ever unreplied to, she could only surmise that this beloved aunt was dead; yet without being able to ascertain it, she bewailed the uncertainty as much as though she had been assured of the reality.

"To behold the happiness of this truly happy pair—their tender affection—the adoration with which their tenants and vassals regarded them, who but a hardened,

ened, hypocritical villain, could meditate the overthrow of *all*—a villain that, Judas like, smiled in their faces, while he stabbed them to death!

"Ere many months had elapsed, Lady Duncarty's appearance indicated the prospect of her soon becoming a mother, and every bosom glowed with joy at this happy event, while every heart offered up prayers for the safety of their beloved lady, and blessed the yet unborn heir. Before the period of its birth arrived, Lord Duncarty was summoned to lead his regiment against his country's foes, in a foreign field; and never perhaps did his gallant spirit receive a warlike signal with less alacrity to obey it. His Lordship, however, had the satisfaction to embrace a lovely boy, and witness the perfect convalescence of its beauteous mother, ere he departed.

"It was now that Vengeance wielded his blood-stained sword, and flamed it over the devoted objects of his fury. These

These last accounts, which I carefully transmitted to my confederates in Madrid, they impiously dared to denominate the work of Providence to forward their machinations; and too surely did chance and circumstances facilitate their dark projects. It was not, however, the affair of a moment to plan and execute; I had my observations to transmit, and my orders to receive; therefore, before every arrangement was made, the little Adolphus had learned to articulate the name of father. Let me hasten over this nefarious deed.—I was commanded to steal away the child, on a plea that his eternal salvation was implicated from the heretical principles in which he must be brought up; but first the mother's feelings were to be wrought on for the safety of her husband, and to accomplish this, his letters were of course suppressed.

"O! what agony filled the bosom of the wretched wife—tortured with suspense—dreading to behold in each public print,

print, a confirmation of her fears, and imagining the sound of every wheel was that of a vehicle conveying home the mangled form of her husband. Melancholy, restless, and at times abstracted, the unhappy Lady Duncarty found no resource from her own wretched thoughts but in the society of her son, or the duties of her religion, and in a chapel, not far distant from the mansion, she past many of her gloomy hours. A party of freebooters had lately risen up in the country, and occasioned much terror and consternation. The mind of Lady Duncarty, harrassed by contending emotions, was unable to bear up against any fresh disaster; every alarm around her irritated her nerves, and subdued her senses; but the climax of her miseries was yet to come. At this period, when every heart, save one, melted with compassion for the situation of their angel mistress, the deed that filled the measure of her woes was accomplished. Oh God! the only object her

her soul clung to with hope on this side the grave, was torn from her bosom. The blow was decisive—the young—lovely—worshipped Lady Duncarty, sunk the victim of bigotry, cruelty, and deception!

"To prevent the possibility of the child's giving any alarm by its cries, a sleepy potion was administered in his repast, on the night of the theft, and a more powerful opiate was given to his attendant nurse. In the middle of the night, the child was taken from her embraces, while, wrapped in heavy sleep, they were alike insensible to their separation, and conveyed to a secret recess in the chapel, that I had made ready for his reception; having previously brought thither what was necessary to repose him on, and a sufficient quantity of nourishment, though of that I easily replaced whatever was wanted; and here I kept the baby concealed some weeks. My intention was, when the search for the child

was

was entirely over, to make some excuse for absenting myself a few days from the Hall, and place him, by a feigned story, under the care of some woman, near Dublin, till I could bring about a plausible pretext for quitting the house entirely; but other events occurred to render this first design unnecessary, or any subterfuge for the last requisite. The recess I speak of was not far distant from the vault of the Duncartys, which the unhappy Isabella was frequently observed to visit; but its entrance was on the other side, and so overgrown with ivy and elder, that it must escape common observation. It led through an excavation, that had formerly been a door, but now only represented a confused heap of stones, dangerous to pass, and affording nothing beyond them to tempt research.

"Lady Duncarty returned one morning from the chapel, breathless, agitated, and bewildered; she had heard the cries of her son as they penetrated through

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the thick walls that surrounded him. She raved—she called on his name—she said the chapel should be razed to the ground, or she would find her boy. Fortunately these frantic exclamations were attributed to the disorder of her senses, and *I* was the only person whose *courage* dared venture to this formidable spot.

"From the moment of the child's disappearance, its wretched mother became almost insensible to her woes; the cause whence they sprung had debilitated her frame, and a melancholy madness deadened at intervals every recollection of them. No ravings now attended her unfortunate malady, and she was permitted to indulge her wanderings to the chapel, unrestrained.

"A body of the marauders, whom I have already spoken of, had been to assemble one night in the adjoining fields, where it was supposed they held consultation; but they departed very peaceably; yet the servants, apprehensive of an attack

on

on the house, made preparations for defence; and for this purpose on the following day, a quantity of fire-arms that hung in the hall, were taken down to furbish, and several of the pieces were discharged in the lawn. It had not suggested itself to the domestics, that the report might have any unfavourable effect on their Lady, as the lethargic state of her senses often rendered her unconscious of every noise, till one of her women came forward to chide the men's thoughtlessness, and order them to desist.

"It appeared that this attendant went then to her Lady's apartment, to see whether these unguarded shots had occasioned her any alarm. Her Ladyship was not there, but a table and an inkstand that lay on it, were both overturned, the chamber-door seemed as though it had been rudely thrown open, and a scarf that Lady Duncarty had fancifully twisted round her head in the morning, was suspended to the brass nob. No doubt could be

be entertained that her Ladyship had fled in terror of the fire-arms. I saw the nearly frantic attendant wing her speed towards the chapel, which, in her more collected moments, she had not ventured to approach, and instantly suggesting the cause, I as quickly followed, repeating her words to the affrighted domestics I chanced to meet, who only sensible to what might be the situation of their beloved mistress, forget their fears of the haunted chapel, and pursued my steps. O God! O God! years of bitter remorse have brought to my recollection that moment, in all the appalling visions of a self-accusing conscience; even *then* my soul shuddered at the work of my guilty hands; but to recede was impossible. Let me not dwell on the dreadful scene—I reached the spot as the attendant of Lady Duncarty raised in her arms the lifeless form of her mistress, whose last sigh had been breathed on the tomb of her husband's ancestors—

ancestors—the tomb which in a few days enclosed the most perfect of her sex!

"The steward of the household immediately set his seals on all the locks, while waiting the arrival of, or some accounts from, his Lord. Alas, another heavy calamity was approaching, of which I only was aware. Lord Duncarty had received a mortal wound, and was returning home by slow and easy stages, to embrace his wife and son, and expire in the bosom of his family. I dared not meet this irreparably injured being, and as by the death of Lady Duncarty, the office delegated me by her Ladyship was at an end, I had no occasion to offer any excuse for an early departure; therefore immediately after the solemnization of her obsequies, I quitted Princely Hall: with the same secrecy as hitherto, I removed my young charge; and arriving in Dublin, embarked from thence in the first packet for England. Here my orders were to take up

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an abode, but as far distant from the metropolis as I pleased; and therefore I made choice of a situation in the northern extremity of England, where changing my name, and throwing aside my religious garb, I passed the child as an orphan, whom I had undertaken to protect, and who was entirely dependant on me: yet as the boy grew up, I gave him to understand he had other friends, who, when he arrived at a proper age, would interest themselves in his welfare, provided he conformed to my wishes. The boy had been christened Ferdinand Adolphus; by the latter of which names he was generally called; I therefore made no other change than to suppress the former one entirely; and to this, instead of Netterville, I affixed the appellation of Sylvester, which happened to be the first English name that struck my fancy.

"My orders from my employers were, to reside in England with my charge, till

he arrived to the age of manhood; to give him a respectable education; but, above all, to assiduously train him in the doctrines of the Romish faith. Alas! the latter it was out of my power to effect. From his boyish days, he evinced a bold intrepid spirit; (it was the blood of his father that circulated through his veins); at fourteen he shewed a manifest dislike to those principles, and ere he attained twenty-one years, had utterly discarded them. I used every argument, threat, and menace, to induce a change of sentiments; my efforts were unavailing, till finally renouncing my authority, he dared to assert the privilege of his years, and embarked himself in the service of his country. By one of those extraordinary occurrences of chance that often unknowingly direct our pursuits in life, the regiment in which Adolphus entered was the same his father had formerly commanded; and though no danger of any discovery

discovery was to be apprehended, I frequently revolved in my mind the singularity of the circumstance.

"It might be supposed, that when the accomplishment of their schemes had precipitated the unfortunate object of them to an untimely grave, the vengeance of the Castalia family was appeased. Not so; it had slept awhile, and the dereliction of her son from the path they had chosen for him, once more awaking all their fury, against him now was levelled their hatred and their revenge.

"As my task had so unfavourably terminated, and Adolphus was no longer in our power, I expressed to my confederates a wish of returning into Spain; but to my quitting England, they decidedly objected, as my removal thence would preclude all chance of learning further of Adolphus; but I had permission to roam thoughout this kingdom at discretion; my sole duty was to inform myself of every thing I could learn respecting my

ward. and to be regular in imparting it. For many years, I knew little of him, save that his regiment was still abroad, and he continued attached to it; but when, after a long absence, it returned to England, I then learned his marriage to an American lady, with many other of his family concerns, which are here unnecessary to detail. For some years that they continued stationary in England, I had opportunities of transmitting various different accounts of him, keeping a vigilant eye towards him, though careful of not coming within his observation. During this period, Don Juan de Castalia was summoned to his forefathers, and his son Alonzo, the inheritor of his wealth, had likewise been invested with a high Inquisitorial power, to which he added a distinguished military one, having entered into the service, in compliance with the King of Spain's wishes, some time previous to his father's death. Adolphus once more quitted Great Britain, and fate ordained he

he should meet a private enemy; the division in which he was opposed itself against that where Don Alonzo was second in command. The chief fell in battle, and his place was supplied by the vindictive Spaniard. Adolphus became his prisoner; his name and his regiment told who he was, and a few questions, artfully propo-ed, and unconsciously answered, convinced Alonzo his nephew was in his power. From that period, the unfortunate Adolphus was dead to the world; but to the certainty of his fate, even *I* am ignorant; yet, that he was sent by his uncle to the Inquisition, I have not a doubt; and though I hardly can suppose Alonzo's vengeance would so far pursue an innocent person as to strike at his life, I have no proof to affirm it was *not* so. Even my uncle professed himself ignorant of every thing respecting my unhappy ward; and if Donna Constantia was an abettor in her son's proceedings, the secret went with her to the grave. Her reve-

rend confederate, my relation, was however less tenacious in his dying moments; self-accusation embittered them; but all the restitution he could then make, was to detail those transactions with his own hand, in more minute particulars of what occurred under his own eye, to which he affixed his name and seal, and forwarded to me, that I might, if I thought proper, transmit it to the family of this injured man. When I found that years passed over without bringing any intelligence of Adolphus, conscience, the awful admonisher within us, ever thundered in my ears the attrocities I had been guilty of, and to the criminality of my actions, added the horrible conviction of indirect murder. O! ye who deliberately plunge into crime, who revel through the sanguine days of life, regardless of the miseries your pursuits, or your ambition, may entail on the innocent, reflect a moment ere the hoary hand of time proclaims death's awful approach, or its premature

arrival

arrival sinks you into an early grave, that no pangs, no tortures the corporeal frame is liable to, can compare with the agonizing reflections attendant on a guilty mind! O! what are the tortures of mine! Tottering on the verge of the tomb, under a load of years, and an intolerable burthen of crimes, I tremble to meet the summons of my God, and dread the award of His justice! Heaven holds out its mercy to us on repentance. Creator of the world, thou knowest how fervently—how contritely I bend before Thee, to supplicate that mercy I so little deserve; and ere thy will calls me hence, grant me time to make all the retribution that is now in my power. Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez is still living, and under the idea that the infant son of Lord and Lady Duncarty died about the same time with its parents. I am setting out for Madrid, to throw myself at her feet, and confess the secret transactions of those past years; yet as neither my age or my

health give promise of my life to the end of the journey, I have written a brief statement of these particulars, which, in case of any immediate danger, I shall instantly have forwarded to her. If the unhappy Adolphus is yet living, and in the Inquisition, her interest may do much towards releasing him; although while Don Alonzo lives, that can be little hoped for, as any attempt of that kind, reaching his knowledge, it must inevitably tend to the destruction of his victim. He is, however, a very precarious life himself, for in the same campaign that made Adolphus his prisoner, he received a wound, which no application has been able to heal, and his vigour and his health are in consequence of it gradually decaying.

"Under the impression of Adolphus being yet forthcoming, I shall solemnly enjoin his widowed wife to preserve for a certain period of years the seals of this packet unbroken; she will obey my injunctions, for her character is a guarantee for

for any promise she may make. Into her hands I hasten to deliver it; the enclosures are the dying attestation of my uncle, with all the letters received by me from him and the Castalia family, since my arrival in England, and the copies of my own: they are proofs to substantiate the legal claims of Adolphus Sylvester, commonly known by those names, but ostensibly Ferdinand Adolphus Netterville, Lord Duncarty, or his son Ferdinand Sylvester, otherwise Netterville; to which is added the certificate of this my confession, sworn to, and properly attested, with the seals of the office affixed. In addition to these testimonies, in the recess of the chapel of Princely Hall, where I concealed the child, I left behind me the temporary bed I made up for him, with some of his little habiliments, and a few utensils in which I deposited his food; the mouldering remains of those articles may, if searched for, be yet discoverable,

and serve as a further document to establish those facts.

"Adolphus, or you Ferdinand his son, whichever of you trace those lines, do not execrate my memory; consider, when they meet your view, I shall be gone to answer for my misdeeds, and let mercy temper the sentence that would too justly condemn me.

JERONOME, &c. &c."

Ferdinand closed the manuscript, and still retaining it in his hand, with his eyes fixed on it, he seemed to muse on what he had just been reading, though without shewing any expression of being gratified by the communication; neither did his father evince any satisfaction; and Ellen looked as if she was more inclined to weep than smile at the good fortune of her friends. Sir Thomas appeared the only person who rejoiced in the event, and in the

the usual warmth of his heart, he congratulated the veteran on the happy termination of his long campaign, "For," added he, "there exists not a shadow of doubt to oppose your claims; and to demonstrate them yet more fully, the papers Ellen has in her possession, written and secreted by the hand of the injured Lady Duncarty, together with the ebony casket, that I presume is the same mentioned in Jeronome's packet, will in themselves fully validate that priest's confession. The finding of those papers seems a direction of Providence, and I consider the event most fortunate which gave them into my hands. Wonderful!" continued he, "that as I examined the picture of the 'beautiful Spanish lady,' I traced in the countenance a strong resemblance to your's, Ferdinand, so I believe did Ellen; but, Heaven knows, it never entered my brain that I was analizing the features of your grandmother."

"And would to Heaven," exclaimed

Ferdinand, with a heavy depression of tone, "would to Heaven she had borne any name but Duncarty!"

His father looked at him, and the expression of his face seemed to echo the words of his son. Ellen wiped away her tears; and Lord Sheffield, with his eyes bent on the carpet, played a slow movement on the table with his fingers.

"Why, you all seem confoundedly gloomy on the business," resumed Sir Thomas, "all in the dismals; I believe this the first instance of a man's good fortune throwing a damp on his spirits—and Ellen too—at least I may safely swear she's the first woman that ever looked sad at the prospect of being made a "Lady" by the "Lord" she liked."

"My dear father!" sobbed out Ellen, as she threw her arms round his neck—"my dear *dear* father."

"Why, what's all this for?" cried the Baronet, though he was well aware what it meant. "Do you weep, my love, at the

the overthrow of poor Newburgh's expectations?—poor Neddy, indeed! this news will be a thunderstroke to him: but come, to change the scene, we'll call in Connolly, and introduce him to Lord Duncarty; I should not be surprised if the old fellow jumped out of the window."

"O, my dearest father!" exclaimed Ellen, "and must you—must you be no more the master of Princely Hall?"

"Have not you the chance of continuing its mistress, you fool?" cried the Baronet, laughing, "and is not that nearly the same thing?"

Old Sylvester took her hand, "My sweet, apprehensive girl," said he, tenderly addressing her, "my loved Ellen—*my daughter*—the future Lady Duncarty, whose merits and beauty justly entitle her to fill the place of her adored predecessor, to ensure to you that title, my amiable Ellen, it is indispensable that I should assert my rights; but may the roof of Princely Hall bury me beneath its ruins, if ever I enter

enter it as its master, while the best of masters, of fathers, and of friends, lives to fill those duties, and be a blessing to all around him. Sir Thomas O'Callaghan is exclusively, and as hitherto, the master of that place, where he is so justly adored, and where to displace him, not even the name of Duncarty could rescue me from opprobrium.—I should be hateful to myself, and despicable to the world. No—it might then, indeed, be doubted that a drop of Duncarty blood was in my veins. Sir Thomas O'Callaghan's rights, privileges, and commands, at Princely Hall, must remain as hitherto, without division or diminution. On those conditions I forward my claims as Lord Duncarty *to succeed him*; on any other terms, I solemnly declare, that by me they never shall be made public."

Ferdinand's eyes sparkled with joy. Lord Sheffield shook one of the veteran's hands with warmth, and Ellen kissed the other.

"We'll

"We'll speak on that subject hereafter," replied the Baronet, with heart and eyes brim-full, that probably owed their source no less to the generosity of old Sylvester's avowal, than to his own strong attachment for Princely Hall.

"I have declared myself," said the latter, "and speak further as we may on the subject, no earthly power shall change my resolves."

"Then be it so," cried the Baronet; "only remember, my noble soldier, I make preliminaries as well as you. I will remain the ostensible master of Princely Hall—Ferdinand and Ellen to reside with me there unconditionally; but as to substantiate your rights, it will be necessary that you take formal possession; that done, we will be joint inheritors during my life."

"That's just as it may happen," replied Captain Sylvester, "only I have nothing to do with *any* of its arrangements, gifts, leases, benefices, &c. Whenever I am inclined

inclined to visit you, I shall consider myself a welcome guest at the Hall; for I'll not be confined to any particular place," added he, significantly shaking his head—"no—no, I have had enough of that, to serve me all the rest of my life; and when my purse wants replenishing, Baronet, you'll be my banker."

"Agreed," cried Sir Thomas.

"I'll present you, Ferdinand," said Lord Sheffield. "You must make your bow at the English court as the Honourable Mr. Netterville, and my uncle, the good old Earl of M——, will do the same office for your father. For goodness sake, my dear Baronet, let's off for the shore of Albion as fast as we can; since the noble declaration of my Right Honourable Compeer, I care not how soon we are gone. But who the deuce is to undertake communicating to poor Newburgh his misfortune? I should not wonder if he blew out his brains."

"God forbid!" ejaculated every person.

"But

"But something must be done," added Sir Thomas, "to liberate him from the harpies."

"Pay his debts," cried old Sylvester.

"Certainly," rejoined the younger one; "and after all, it will be but a poor compensation for his disappointment."

"His debts taken in the aggregate," observed Lord Sheffield, "are, I understand, upwards of thirty thousand pounds; not to mention the incumbrance of the Newburgh property, which a *certain friend* of ours here has taken on him to clear."

"Well well," cried the Baronet, impatiently, and to wave any further discussion on the latter part of the subject, "we must consider what's to be done. But now let us call up Connolly, and have a laugh.—By the Lord Harry, I think Newburgh will indite him for sorcery —we'll frighten him awhile with the idea."

Though Ellen did not much relish the humour

humour of her father to terrify the good old man, yet she enjoyed that of introducing him to Lord Duncarty, and accordingly the honest butler was summoned to make his appearance.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

"Her's the mild lustre of the beaming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day."

CONNOLLY entered the room with his usual respectful bow, and advanced towards the Baronet, who had studiously composed the solemnity of his features.

"Connolly," began Sir Thomas, "we are going off immediately to Ireland."

"Thanks be to God!" instantly exclaimed the enraptured butler, "that's the most blissidestest news I've hard this two years."

"Settle your household affairs as speedily as you can," resumed the Baronet, "I shall make no unnecessary delay here."

"I'll

"I'll be after sittling 'em in no time at all, yur Honour," replied Connolly, "for sure the hart in my body jumps for joy at the viry thoughts of goin back agin to our dear Princely Hall; and the divil be from ould Connolly, (saving all yur Honour's prisance) if ivir himsilf see its like since he lift it."

"I did not mention a word about my going there," said Sir Thomas, looking very seriously at him, and the poor butler's overjoyed countenance became suddenly overcast.

"Not goin to Princely Hall, yur Honour?" repeated the old man, with a tone of depression and a gesture of astonishment.

"It has another owner, Connolly," added the Baronet; and Connolly, if he did not jump out of the window, very nearly jumped over the table with the electricity of his motion, as his quivering lips faintly echoed, "Anodthir ownir!"

"Don't

"Don't be alarmed, Connolly," continued the mischievous Baronet, who could hardly retain his affected gravity; "though very wonderful things have happened, I trust there is no danger to be apprehended, notwithstanding there is something in the business, that looks as if no mortal hand directed it; but you are encased in a seven-fold shield, you know, Connolly, since we visited Avignon, therefore have nothing to fear from evil spirits." Connolly looked more alarmed. "You remember the story of Lord Duncarty and the beautiful Spanish lady, whose son was stolen by the *good people*," continued the Baronet. "I did not credit a word of it, you know, Connolly, and even used to laugh at your absurd belief; the story, however, was in part true—the enchantment of that son is broken; he is now Lord Duncarty, and his claims I have no right to dispute." Connolly drew nearer to his master; his hair stood erect, and

astonishment

astonishment associating with his natural timidity, prevented him from offering any interruption. Sir Thomas proceeded, "I am not deceiving you," he rejoined, "*I have seen this gentleman*, so has every person here present; and I *must* and *do* acknowledge him the lawful owner of Princely Hall."

Down dropt Connolly on his knees, his face white as a sheet, his under jaw quivering till the teeth chattered in his head, as he tremblingly articulated, "It's the divil, Sir Thomas! don't bilive a word of it—Lord have marcy upon us!—It's nothin good; I sid so whin fadther Dunlavie brought yur Honour thim papers that ould Kinnidy found in the grave; I tould you not to tich 'im, for I knowd will inuff sumthin bad would cum of it—God prisarve us all—Amin!"

"You have nothing to fear for yourself at all events," said the Baronet, "since you never touched those papers; and besides

sides that, you have a blessing on your head, which, as I have just said, renders you invulnerable."

"O that yur Honour had but the same story to till," whispered Connolly, "and you need not be afeard of nothin at all, good, bad, nor indiffirint."

"Be this new claimant who or what he may," resumed Sir Thomas, "I have no fears of facing him, nor even to enter Princely Hall again; but as you might not have courage to look on this appalling object of fairyism and enchantment, I shall not ask you to accompany me thither."

Connolly rose from his kneeling posture, every trace of terror subdued by what he imagined to be a reflection on his gratitude.

"Not ax me to attind yur Honour to Princely Hall!" repeated the poor fellow, "no, Sir Thomas, I'll go without axin, and though it was the divil himsilf that cum to hurt a hair of yur hid, I'd go afore you

you to meet him; and," added he, bursting into tears, "if you be turned out of your own blissed place there beyant by this new-Lord, why ould Connolly will follow yur Honour whirivir yu go thorough the world, and die as he lived in yur dear sarvice."

The Baronet was affected—he wiped his eyes. "What a fool you make of me!" said he; "this is the way you've always contrived to subdue my humours; there now, I can't finish my story as I wished."

"Then I'll conclude it my own way," cried Ellen, "and tell our good Connolly all about it," which she did by slightly repeating the principal parts; but brief as she made them, her words were often interrupted by the astonished butler's exclamations, prayers, and ejaculations; when having concluded, "And now, my worthy old Connolly," added she, "banish your fears of this formidable Lord Duncarty, whose name only can alarm you, since my dear father is still, and for life, the

the master of our loved Princely Hall yet," continued she, "in order to remove all your apprehensions, learn that the heir apparent of those domains is an old friend of your's, for in Mr. Ferdinand Sylvester you behold that heir, and in this gentleman, his father, Lord Duncarty, the same who was stolen when an infant."

Connolly might have been very eloquent at the moment, did not astonishment, wonder, and conjecture, seal up his lips, while each respective sentiment was visibly impressed on his face.

"Yes, my good Connolly," said Ferdinand, kindly taking the old man's hand, "it is indeed so; but your beloved master, and my inestimable friend, Sir Thomas O'Callaghan, can know no change of place but that which translates him to a better one than any this world affords."

"Well to be sure," said Connolly, when a little recovered from his amazement, "to be sure, I often hard say the ways of God is *unscrupable*, for who'd

have thought that Mr. Ferdinan Sylvister, the Lord bliss him, was at home in his own place all this while past at Princely Hall, just for all the world as if God Almighty sint him to watch it. Why that's all as one as an ould story that's talked of consarning the ruinated church-yard, Sir Thomas, they calls Daunycumfort."

"Aye," cried the Baronet, "now for it; I thought we'd have a sagacious allegory."

"It's iviry word true, yur Honour," resumed the faithful biographer of the tales of wonder. "I'm just goin to till you all about it. That ould church-yard near us at-home there, where they biry all the rivirind fathers, God rist their sowls, and odthir people too as will as thim; why iviry modther's child of 'im that goes to the grave there, is obligated to stand cintry at the gate till the nixt corpse cums to take his place, and so on, yur Honours, to the ind of the chaptir. Just now d'y'see for all the world like Mr. Ferdinan rising out of the Duncarty grave

as

as one may say, unbeknown to iny body at all, to watch ovir his own dear Princely Hall."

"A very wise simile," remarked the Baronet, with much gravity, "and quite applicable."

"And didn't I say," rejoined Connolly, looking quite pleased at his own sagacity—"didn't I say that *that* Mr. Newburg was no more like any thing belonging to the place, nor if he was none of its people's giniration? and moreover nor that, I was mortally sure and sartin he had no more rite to our dear Princely Hall nor mysilf had, nor half so much, bekays I have lived in it all my whole life from the time I was born, and afore my modther brought me into the world too."

"I would advise you, however," said Sir Thomas, with becoming solemnity, "to keep out of the way of this Mr. *Newburgh;* he's a terrible fellow, I should imagine, when vexed; and you know, Connolly, he suspected you of dealing in the black art; therefore, when he is in-

formed of this wonderful business, I should not be in the least surprised if he tied a stone round your neck, and tried you by a watery ordeal, as they do the witches."

Sir Thomas, for once in his life, erred in calculating on his butler's apprehensions, for he was not the least intimidated by this threat.

"That's more nor he dare do, yur Honour," replied he, "bekays if he drowned me, I would sware the pace agin him afore our own grand jury, and have his life, did or alive."

"And it's a doubt to me, Connolly," cried Sir Thomas, laughing, "if the sight of you then would not give poor *Newburgh* his quietus, without making any appeal to the law."

"So thin aftir all, yur Honour," said Connolly, "we're goin home to our darlind Princely Hall?"

"Aye," replied the Baronet, "and do you be expeditious to forward our departure."

"Och! faith, an it's yur Honour's own

silf

silf that needn't be after bidin me," cried the delighted butler, as he retreated from the room, "for the viry thoughts of goin back agin drives iviry thing out of my hid, so yur Honour needn't be afeard I'll forgit yur ordirs."

Our party set out on their return from Florence with all possible expedition, and by the most direct route; Ellen having exacted from her adoring Ferdinand a willing promise, that they should, at an early opportunity, retrace again the scenes they quitted, and explore the rest of Italy. They made no halt till their arrival in London, as Sir Thomas appeared to have got rid of his gout, and supported the journey perfectly well: there they stopped a few days, which were devoted to certain necessary family arrangements, and to assure the happiness and welfare of others along with their own. A list of Newburgh's creditors was obtained, and a meeting of them convoked, at which Lord Duncarty and his son joined in securing the payment of his personal

debts, under their acquiescence in the reduction of their claims to the rate of legal interest, an acquiescence that was extorted by the threat of a severe scrutiny, and a rigorous employ of the statute of usury; and all the annuitants on his real estate were instantly paid off. Newburgh, thus assured, through the generosity of his benefactors, of a clear annual income of £2,500, made, in the presence of Sir Thomas, a most solemn renunciation of every species of gambling, and expressed to the Baronet his resolution to retire immediately into the country, and become an experimental farmer; a pursuit he had in some of his late rambles acquired a strong passion for. This the Baronet advised him most strenuously to follow up; and counselled him at the same time to resign his seat, as his talents did not point towards a public life; frankly telling him that where obtained under such circumstances, and for such purposes, he did not know whether his seat in parliament, or himself, reflected greater disgrace

disgrace on each other: this he likewise consented to do; and let us hope we may confide in the stability of his good resolutions.

In the meanwhile, Sylvester, now the Honourable Mr. Netterville, told him most cordially, that whenever he had a month or two of leisure and *ennui* to pass, he could not do any where so well as to come and yawn it away at Princely, where the doors of the old hall stood always open to bid him a hearty welcome.

Lord Duncarty and his son, on the next morning after their arrival in London, set out for Woodford, where they found the good clergyman in perfect health, who, with his family, were rejoiced to see once more their beloved young friend Ferdinand, and with unfeigned satisfaction, participated in the accounts of his recent elevation. The two elders were conspiring to obtain him, through their joint or separate influence, some respectable preferment, when a let-

ter from the *evangelical* Doctor Clayfield to the Baronet, his "most worthy friend and excellent patron," saved them farther trouble, by acquainting him that the rectory of —— was the day before become vacant, through the death of the incumbent; and modestly intimating his wish that Sir Thomas would serve the cause of Calvinistic orthodoxy, by adding it to the *three* livings he already enjoyed, or enabling him to resign in its favour one of them, of much inferior value; but the Baronet preferred to serve the cause of humanity, and in concert with Lord Duncarty, who was now the ostensible patron, inducted into it, in a very few days, the instructor of his orphan son, the consoler of his bereaved Rebecca.

Though their short sojourn in London scarcely gave time to the voice of rumour to herald their approach, yet long before they reached the groves of Princely Hall, a tear of affectionate pride started in the Baronet's eye, and his cheek had to feel the

the mingled glow of conscious worth, and retiring diffidence, at receiving, in presence of his illustrious strangers, the rural homage of those he lived to bless.

"Swift, unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name."

A cavalcade of all his principal tenantry met them at a considerable distance, accompanied by Father Dunlavie and others of the surrounding clergy of *both religions;* and many of the neighbouring gentry did not disdain to take the lead of the procession, and welcome their brother magistrate back to his native land.

Long before they reached the verge of the domain, an innumerable crowd was discerned on the road before them. In front were all the young women of his manors, arrayed in white, who strewed flowers in the way, which was lined by a double hedge of children of both sexes, headed by the masters and mistresses of all the parish and charity-schools that Sir Thomas and his family maintained or pro-

moted. Shouts of joy and welcome hailed his return to his own domains. Lord Duncarty drew his hat before his eyes, exclaiming to himself, "It is now, O'Callaghan, that I envy you!"

Amongst the arrivals, none was perhaps more welcomed than old Connolly; young and old, grave and gay, assembled round to hear him, with the eloquence of a *traveller*, relate the wonders he had seen abroad; but justice to the venerable butler's unshaken partiality, oblige us to say, that in his descriptions, and wherever he could, or sometimes could not, make a comparison, his beloved Princely Hall took the lead, in point of excellence, magnificence, and hospitality.

Mr. Millbank and Emily headed the procession to meet their old friends. Emily and Ellen were folded in each other's embrace; nor could the impatience of a lover to share in the welcome greeting, induce Lord Sheffield to interrupt the affectionate meeting of those amiable girls. He was, however, soon recognized by

by his blushing mistress, and an extended hand, accompanied with a gracious smile, rewarded his forbearance.

The report of Lord Duncarty's restoration forerun his arrival at the Hall; many and various were the conjectures of the common people on his wonderful re-appearance; and some amongst them (of old Connolly's creed) could not for a long while be led to believe that any thing but a supernatural agency had, during such a term of years, so mysteriously concealed, and now so astonishingly revealed him. However, by his conduct to Sir Thomas, his Lordship gained the general estimation. His son's character was already established in the neighbourhood; nor after the beloved object of the people's veneration, was there a gentleman in the country who could boast more of their favour. His succession to Princely Hall was therefore universally hailed, as a happy pledge of their future welfare, by all his tenants and dependants, who, since Ned Newburgh's visit to the Hall, had a melancholy

lancholy presage of their approaching lot, and of the precarious tenure by which they enjoyed their master's bounty, and their landlord's benevolent institutions: all these the character of their future Lord, and his impending union with Ellen, promised to perpetuate, as far as the prudence of human arrangements can bestow permanency; and their almost only prayer was now, that there might result from this union a long line of progeniture, who should each in his turn unite the talents of a Sylvester with the virtues of O'Callaghan.

Sir Thomas empowered the enraptured Netterville to fix his happiness for as early day as he could obtain; and his Ellen promised to become a bride on the same day with her beloved friend Emily. It had been previously agreed on by the parties concerned, that immediately on Lord Sheffield's return from his travels, he and Emily should be united; therefore the happy Ferdinand became a benedict sooner than he could have hoped; and by

this arrangement, the double wedding took place at Princely Hall.

To say the brides looked handsome, would be superfluous—all brides look better on their wedding-day, than any other, unless, indeed, if fate so wills it, the first day of their weeds, and then—— but that, "to be sure and *sartin*," as old Connolly says, depends on more circumstances than one. Well! but the weddings; and so Mr. Connolly, to humour the dear good old soul, and increase his importance, was deputed grand master of the festival on this joyous occasion, major-domo, and manager in ordinary and extraordinary. The Baronet made him a present of a full dress suit of superfine white cloth, and every thing appropriate to it, to do honour to his appointment. The ceremony was performed in the grand saloon, which in justice to the old butler's taste, was, as well as every other part of the house, laid out with great elegance; in the designs of which, he probably owed something to his recent tour; and

in

in the style of the tables, it was particularly evident that the old man had not travelled for nothing.

The company was astonished, and the major-domo rewarded; but not by the praises of his master, or the encomiums of the party—no; by the desire of his beloved Miss Ellen, he stood close to her during the marriage ceremony, which when finished, she presented her hand to the veteran servant, and gave him the first bridal kiss. The action nearly overpowered the poor fellow, and he was obliged to quit the room for a few minutes, that a tear even of joy should not be seen in his eyes on this joyous day.

"Och! and the Lord prospir 'im all thir lives," he exclaimed, "for sure a nater, nor a more beautifuller two couple o'pairs nivir stud up afore an altar; and since God Almighty's goodniss has spared me to see this blissid day, that my own darlind Miss Ellen is marrid to one of the Duncarty giniration, I'll go to my grave whin I die the happiest cratur alive."

But

But the worthy old fellow neither went to his grave alive, nor entered it dead so soon as he might have expected; though, when he did go, his respected remains were, according to Sir Thomas's promise, reposed in the family vault, adjoining a spot where the Baronet marked out his own.

It was suggested to Lord Duncarty and Mr. Netterville, by their friends, that some inquiries should be made respecting their Spanish connexions, particularly Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez. His Lordship expressed himself desirous to learn something of the latter, and Ferdinand proposed an application to the Spanish ambassador, in London, and likewise the propriety of its being a personal one, in order to make the statements more accurate. Lord Sheffield offered to accompany him, which Mr. Netterville thankfully acceded to; and the two gentlemen went over to England, taking with them the necessary documents. Their stay was no longer than was absolutely requisite to forward their business, and they returned with

with the ambassador's promise to Mr. Netterville, of his strenuous exertions to trace the subject of his wishes. Several months passed over without receiving, or indeed expecting to receive, any intelligence as yet; but the result was at length officially transmitted, together with a copy of Donna Isabella de Gonsalvez's will, that lady being dead, by which many obscure matters were elucidated. It appeared that the packet Jeronome mentioned to have ready to forward her, reached her hands, by which it was known the unhappy but repentant offender had died on his journey. The surprise and horror its contents excited, had nearly proved fatal; but the energy of her mind and character surmounted all ill effects, after the first moments of astonishment. She immediately employed all her endeavours to discover whether the son of her lamented Isabella was in the Inquisition or not. In vain was all her policy exerted; no person of the name of Sylvester could be traced there; nor probably had she ever

ever discovered him, had not the death of her hated nephew Don Alonzo, substituted in his inquisitorial place a friend of her's, and from him she learned, that an English gentleman, an officer, known by the name, was imprisoned there eighteen years before, and still remained in it; but that notwithstanding Alonzo's death, the person being entered unconditionally for life, his emancipation could not be looked for. Donna Isabella, however, did not despair; she persevered in her attempt, and succeeded in it; for what was denied to her openly, was connived at in secret; and seven years after she received Jeronome's packet, her indefatigable exertions opened the doors of Captain Sylvester's prison; she was, however, strictly enjoined not to see him, and to hasten his immediate departure from the country; and Donna Isabella, fearful that his gratitude, or his affection, might lead him to break the injunction, forbore to acknowledge herself; but suffered him to depart, ignorant of how or by whom liberated.

She

She did not long survive this period; and by her will, that stated all particulars, she bequeathed the bulk of her fortune to her nephew, the Baron of Duncarty, of the kingdom of Ireland, &c. The will was registered before her demise, in order, as she said, to prevent any further villainy being renewed with that; but as no person knew any thing of Lord Duncarty, it could only be conjectured that he would at some period appear to claim his rights, which by the laws of Spain, his Lordship was then, and is now entitled to.

The next thing that demanded the attention of Ferdinand, was to address the dear respected sister of his regretted mother; he wrote to his aunt in America, and his letter was immediately acknowledged with pleasure and tenderness. She had become a widow since she last heard from him, with three or four children, and a very fine fortune, part of which left her by and of her husband's own property, she had designed for him; but his late acquisitions rendered the gift unnecessary;

necessary; and she only begged leave that at some future period, he or his father, Lord Duncarty, would superintend the education of her favourite daughter, named Rebecca after her beloved sister, and for which she would send her over to Ireland, since she had now such dear relatives there to countenance her; and the little token of remembrance she destined for her nephew should now be added to this child's fortune, whom she further requested might be brought up in the established religion.

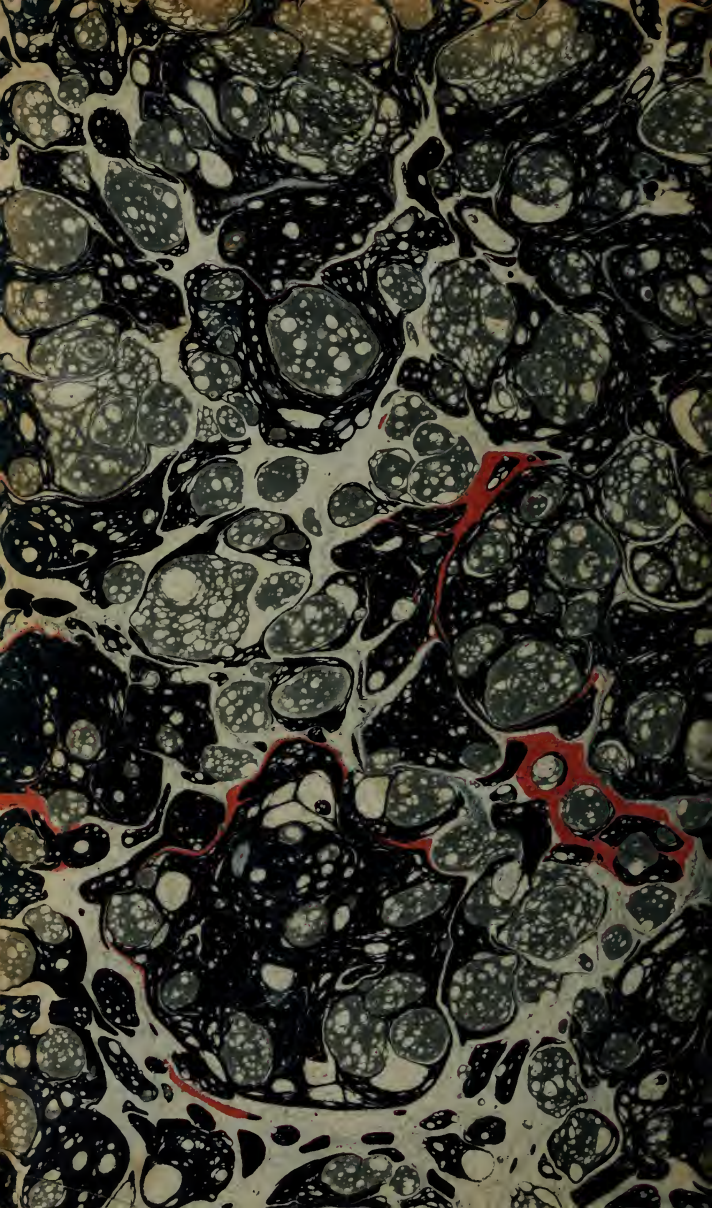
And here we are called upon to take leave of the exalted pair, who have engaged our interest through the preceding pages: may the amiable unsophisticated Ellen continue, by her example, to strew with flowers the paths of female duty—may she add dignity to innocence, and with the proud frown of conscious worth, from which baseness and profligacy shrink in abject dismay—may she ever maintain, at an awful distance, the reptiles of adulation and vice, whose nearer approach, though checked by native virtue, would compromise

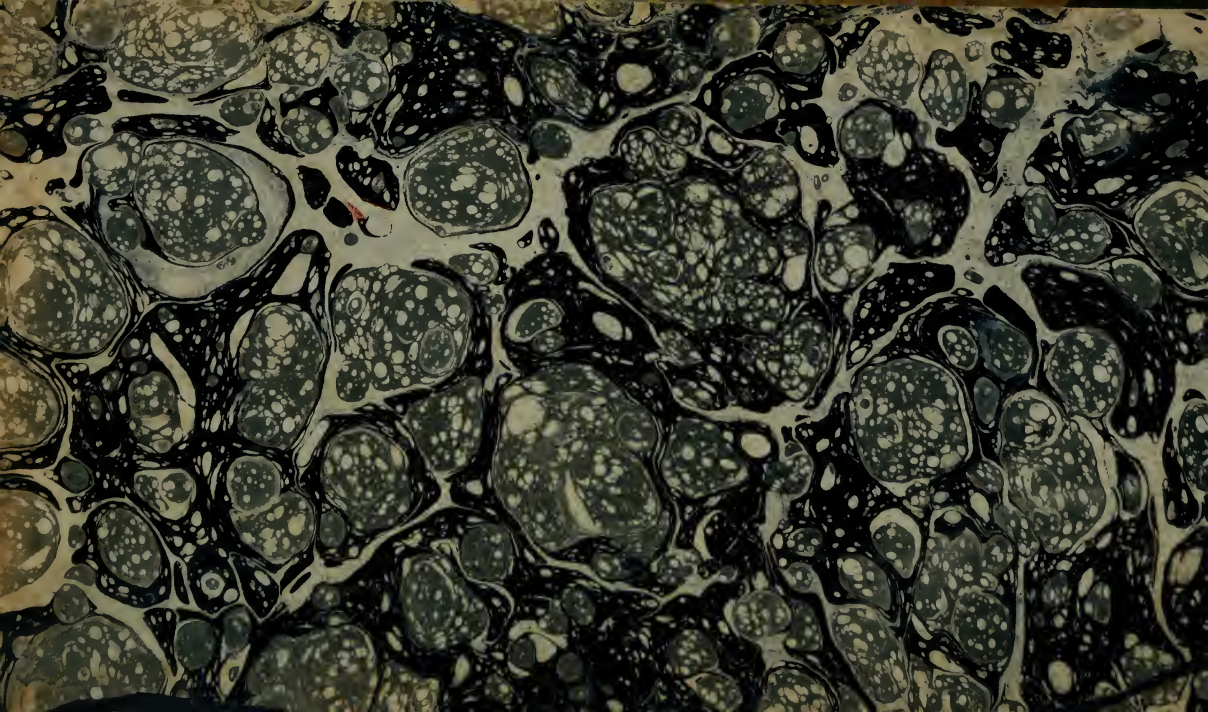
compromise her fair renown, and fill her pillow with thorns.

And thou, Netterville! pupil of adversity, to whose "rigid lore," thou, like others, probably owest the talents that distinguish thee; whether thy genius, for genius, like death, lays every subordinate distinction low, is destined to hold the reins of empire, and command the attention of contending dynasties to the voice of wisdom and of peace, or to maintain the useful respectability of private life, mayst thou, by the august union of virtue with talent, reflect grace and dignity on the path that is traced out for thee, which, if rightly pursued, will conduct thee through the vale of peace here, to the gates of happy immortality.

FINIS.

Lane, Darling, and Co. Leadenhall Street.





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